

# Life

May 5 1927  
Price 15 cents



CALIBI  
CONTEST  
See  
Page 11



BALTIMORE

"Darling, do you love me?"  
"Ask me another"

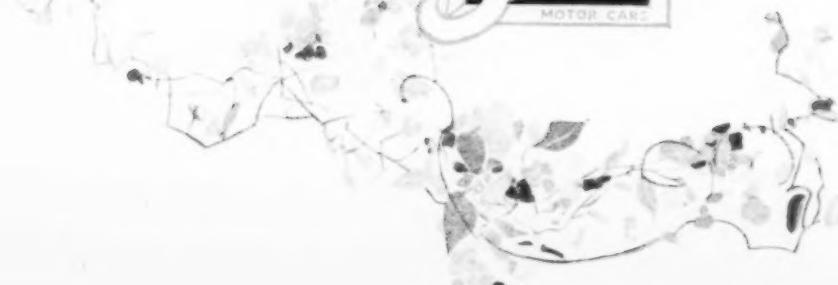
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



*Body by  
Fisher*

BUICK OWNERS invariably buy Buicks again and again. Well aware of Buick's economy and quality, they recognize the value that Buick alone provides.

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**BUICK** EVER BUILT



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## PROTECTION

Thundering tons of traffic come to a stop. The most dangerous crossing in town is robbed of its power to harm the tiniest pedestrian... protection at hand... what a feeling of security it creates and how well even the youngest sense it... how consciously apprehensive we all are in its absence.

The same children, wives and mothers who need protection on the highways also need protection in the home. There may be only one time in their lives when this need will be urgent, but to be able to fulfill the need at that critical moment is vital.

The officer at his post and his brother guardians of the peace can furnish protection in only one place at a time. Quick and fearless in responding to emergency calls, the fact remains that the guardian of the law is generally called after the law-breaker has swept upon his prey. Do you want revenge or... protection?

Banish fear. The safest, most dependable revolver for home defense. Smith & Wesson originated the safety idea in firearms over forty years ago. The 32 and 38 caliber S & W Safety make accidental discharge by adult or child impossible.

*Our Descriptive Booklet C may interest you — it will be sent free upon request.*

**SMITH & WESSON**  
SPRINGFIELD,  
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THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER



# Just Pure Juice

## of choicest Fresh Grapes



Especially good with chipped ice or  
ginger ale or charged water

TO make "GOOD MORNING" a reality start the day with Welch's Grape Juice—the pure juice squeezed from fresh grapes.

Every glass of it builds health.

Welch's gives you all the healthful qualities you look for in the fresh fruit.

Vitamins, laxative properties, mineral salts that you must have to keep well; fruit sugar for quick energy and fruit elements that prevent acidity.

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**Free Offer:** Booklet of fruit drinks and the "why" of Welch's for breakfast. Write for it. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. L-32, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Grape Jelly and other Preserve Products. Canadian plant, St. Catharines, Ontario.



For the Breakfast Fruit Juice fine hotels all over the country serve Welch's Grape Juice, well chilled. Among them:

THE PLAZA	New York City
THE BLACKSTONE	Chicago
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THE ROOSEVELT	New Orleans
THE MARYLAND HOTEL	Pasadena
MIAMI BILTMORE	Coral Gables
THE AMBASSADOR	Atlantic City
Mt. ROYAL HOTEL	Montreal

### Rhymed Reviews

#### The Plutocrat

By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co.  
IMPORTANT, hearty, crude and loud,

In no environment a shrinker,  
He owned the ship and bossed the crowd—

The many-millioned Mr. Tinker,

The bluff Midwestern plutocrat  
Became an incubus, a bogle  
To that conceited dandiprat  
The lofty playwright, Laurence Ogle.

On land, in streets or desert scenes,  
The Many,—tame or half-barbarian,—  
The Arabs, French and Algerines  
Revered the horrible Rotarian.

But when, at Timgad, Ogle heard  
The fellow termed "an Ancient Roman,"  
He thought it nothing less absurd  
Than if they'd called him Daniel Frohman.

Yet, after all, the parallel  
Was not extravagantly funny;  
The Romans, likewise, knew the spell  
Of Bigness, Progress, Brag and Money.

The Romans, too, were bold as brass  
And loved Success and modern plumbing;  
Athenian highbrows called them crass,  
But they were always up and coming.

Before our playwright makes a hit  
(The lucky snob!) with Tinker's daughter,  
You'll pick up gems of sense and wit  
Of mighty near the finest water.

You'll note that people, great and small,  
The Siamese, the Turk, the Kru-man,  
The Englishman, the Celt, the Gaul,  
The prig and plutocrat are human.

Arthur Guiterman.

#### Very Good, Sir!

MASTER (grimly, to butler): I asked you last night, Jennings, to taste the port I purchased and give me your opinion of it. Now I find there are four bottles missing.

BUTLER: Taste it, sir? I thought you said *test* it!—London Opinion.



## PORTABLE ROYAL TYPEWRITER

MOST modern of light-weight typewriters. Weighs only nine and a half pounds—has all the conveniences of the large standard typewriter.

Equipped with a handsome carrying case of fabrikoid, mounted on a base-board that gives it firm support, the Royal Portable is at home and on the job anywhere—it solves the personal writing

problem for every man of affairs, every traveler, every housewife, every student—*everybody wants one.*

The Royal Portable has an equipment of special features that make it unique. It was created by veteran craftsmen who have made the Royal Standard Typewriter in demand and preferred the world over—*it is built to last a lifetime.*

### Special Features

- Perfect visibility of writing.
- Standard four-bank keyboard.
- Unusual speed and responsiveness.
- Extra wide paper capacity and writing line.
- Automatic ribbon reverse.
- Two-color ribbon.
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ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.

316 Broadway, New York



#### The Spirit of the Thoroughbred

With the thoroughbred you never "push on the reins." His response is always instant and whole-hearted... This same spirit lies in the new Stearns-Knight, the car you *direct*, but do not drive.

## The thrill of *directing* the new STEARNS-KNIGHT

THERE'S a thrill in its beauty of line; in the supple strength of its unique coachwork; in the uniformly high quality of materials used throughout.

But most thrilling of all is the unprecedented performance of its famous Knight motor! Smooth and powerful from the first—improving with every year of use—forever free from carbon and valve troubles—as in the

Daimler, Voisin, Peugeot and a few others of the recognized world leaders in the luxury car group.

A thrilling car to *direct*. Speed divorced from vibration. The car of your dreams is here!

The new Stearns-Knight is now available in 17 body styles—a complete line of six and eight cylinder models. Prices range from \$3250 to \$4650 at Cleveland.

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY • CLEVELAND • OHIO



# Stearns-Knight

*America's most Luxurious Motor Car*



**They Asked Him Another**

THE atmosphere was tense. A man's reason hung in the balance. "What Roman general conquered Britain?"

"Emu," replied the patient.

His relatives gasped.

"Ask him another!" directed the specialist.

"Who wrote 'Paradise Lost'?"

"Gnu," gurgled the patient.

His relatives shuddered.

"When"—in response to the specialist's gentle nod—"was the Battle of Waterloo?"

"Tat," said the patient, beaming upon them all.

His relatives wept.

"We'll make one more effort," said the specialist. "Ask him the simplest question possible."

There was silence for three seconds. Then—

"Who discovered America?"

"Gnome," said the patient promptly.

"It is as I feared," announced the specialist. "His mentality is that of a crossword puzzlist."

*A. H. F.*

**Miles from Anywhere**

A SEVENTH-GRADE history class, which had just finished studying Colonial life, was on examination. One of the questions was, "Discuss city life in Colonial times." One boy wrote: "There were not many cities, and what there were, were out in the country."

—*Indianapolis News.*



## Soothing and Refreshing to Eyes after Motoring

When you return from a dusty ride with red, strained, irritated eyes, apply a few drops of harmless Murine. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as strong and fresh as they look. Try it!

Write Murine Co., Dept. 93, Chicago, for  
FREE books on Eye Beauty and Eye Care

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR  
**EYES**

SEE Scotland first!

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The ideal way to the Old World, through the natural Gateway of Ancient Caledonia—Scotland, land of mists and mystery; rugged Highlands in the North; romantic Lowlands in the South; and all around, Lochs, Rivers and Firths.

Beautiful Edinburgh; great old Castles; thriving Glasgow; the picturesque Hebrides, snug little Orkneys and Shetlands.

Wallace, Bruce, Queen Mary, Bannockburn, and Scottish Independence. Then gallant Sir Walter, his beautiful poems and enchanting novels.

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ANCHOR LINE

# When Parents Fail

**S**HIS is a clumsy world for children. They are constantly running into the barbed wires of our grown-up principles and conventions. Every year thousands of them get into trouble which brings them before the Juvenile Courts for punishment or wisely tempered mercy. Rarely are these unfortunate youngsters really bad. Nearly always the hidden cause behind their waywardness is lack of training or proper guidance at home. Oftentimes, physical conditions cause their abnormality. When health is restored the vicious tendencies often disappear.

Warm-hearted men and women in all parts of the country are doing splendid work in helping to salvage these bits of human driftwood. Organizations have been formed which send volunteer representatives to the Juvenile Courts to take boys and girls on probation and so save them from slipping into lives of crime. The kindly folk who do this work are "friends at court" to these youngsters.

Delinquent children are by no means found to come only from homes of poverty. From well-to-do and even rich homes have come children with tendencies toward crime which have amazed their parents. Too late these fathers and mothers learned that in reality they never had known their sons and daughters.

## May Day—Children's Day

May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and



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fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop half-way? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with

the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

More especially will you want to do this if you have ever spent a few hours in a Juvenile Court where you will have learned that the young offender, in nearly every instance, lands in court because of bad companions or want of proper home training.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.

Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded.

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences. As Judge Arnold of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois, says, "The first job of a parent of a boy is to understand him, not only physically and morally, but emotionally."

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK**  
Bigest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

# Life

## To Florence

FOR a man who's in love with a maiden poetic  
A pace has been set which is hard to maintain;  
He must utilize terms which are highly aesthetic  
To adorn the emotion he strives to explain.  
I love you, and trust you're not antagonistic;  
A statement like this is no hardship, you see,  
But the effort to woo you in verse eulogistic  
Is hard upon you, and still harder on me.

Since I cannot express in original lyrics  
My fond admiration that ardently glows,  
I've collected a number of rare panegyrics  
From poets whose excellence every one knows.  
A sonnet which therefore should need no apology  
I herewith enclose, to my letter annexed,  
And if you'll consult any standard anthology,  
You'll readily verify author and text.

- 1) O thou from head to foot divinely fair,
- 2) O heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire,
- 3) Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
- 4) Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire?
- 5) Then thou wouldest melt the ice out of my breast,
- 6) That with superfluous burden loads the day;
- 7) As after sunset fadeth in the west,
- 8) Trust on, and think to-morrow may repay.
- 9) Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea,
- 10) Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
- 11) So, might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
- 12) Perhaps on wing of poesy upsoar?
- 13) The winds lift up their voices; I depart;
- 14) Well, Florence, shall I reach thee, pierce thy heart?

John R. Swain.

1) Beaumont & Fletcher. 2) Swinburne. 3) Daniel. 4) Addison.  
5) Shakespeare. 6) Milton. 7) Shakespeare. 8) Dryden. 9) Tennyson.  
10) Garth. 11) Wordsworth. 12) Keats. 13) Byron. 14) Browning.



Prosecutor: WHAT DOES THE DATE, AUGUST 18, 1925, SIGNIFY TO YOU?  
Dora: I'M SORRY, BUT I'M NO GOOD AT THESE QUESTIONNAIRE GAMES.



"WHY ALL THE HEAVY THOUGHT, ETHEL?"  
"I'M TRYING TO MAKE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO BE POPULAR TO-NIGHT OR ACT LIKE A LADY."

## Rules for Questionnaire Scoring

(These rules have not been approved by any one, even our wife, but who cares?)

IF you give an answer that is absolutely wrong, and admit it when the correct answer is disclosed, you score nothing, and that's all you deserve, too.

If you give an answer that is incorrect, but are able to convince the entire assemblage that the right answer, as read, is what you meant to say, you get half credit. If the assemblage includes some of your in-law relatives, and you are still able to convince *every one*, you get full credit, and more power to you.

If you answer "Jupiter," when the correct answer is "Venus," you get the usual credit for good intentions, which is nothing.

If you answer correctly the question, "Why is a Senator?" you get full credit and a bonus. (We assume there is an answer.)

If you tear the Question Book from the hands of the would-be questioner and throw it out of the window before he can utter a sound, you'll deserve all the credit you get.

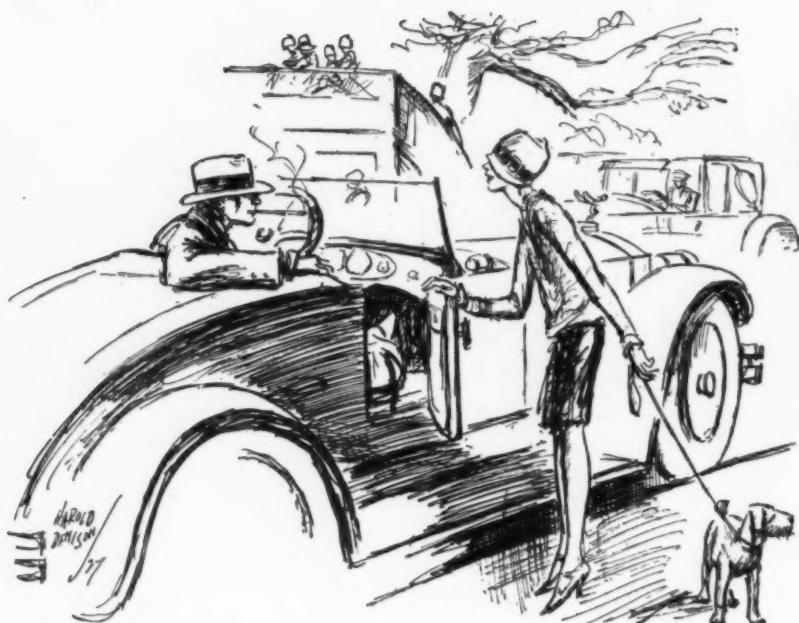
John C. Emery.

## Something Snapped

AMBULANCE SURGEON: What brought on the fit?

NEIGHBOR: The poor fellow's new car had just been delivered, and when he came out he saw a butterfly tramping over the paintwork.

# Life



"I THOUGHT IF YOU WEREN'T GOING ANY PLACE, I'D GO ALONG WITH YOU."

## Nightmare of the World's Highest Paid Editorial Writer

HIS Second, not his third term; huge creature forty-seven feet long from beak to tail but no brain to know that it will be his Second, not his third term; Wall Street cheerful, realizing that it will be his Second, not his third term; Atlantic cities will all be deserted, thousands flying to Los Angeles to invest their money in real estate, and it will be his Second, not his third term; the wise Socrates remarked 25,000 years ago, "Nobody knows whether he will accept the nomination, but if he does, it will be his Second, not his third term"; 50,000 Japanese homeless, but it will be his Second term; enemy aeroplanes will bomb Uncle Sam, the fat grocer, little realizing that it will be his Second, not his third term; untold Second term wealth in the Second term ground, but the real wealth is in the Second term brains; write your Second term Congressman to buy more Second term aeroplanes and come to the Second term Pacific Coast and see Sec-

ond term America Second term first in the hearts of his Second, not third, Second, Second, Second...

*Vincent B. Wilson.*

NOWADAYS, it's love at the first drink.



Now Run Away, Willie

"PAPA, WHAT IS 'A BOLT FROM THE BLUE'?"  
"A YALE LOCK, MY BOY; DON'T BOTHER PAPA."

## What Are the Questions to These Answers?

(NOTE: Just to vary the monotony of this tiresome Questionnaire craze, we publish herewith a number of ANSWERS, the QUESTIONS leading up to which will be found on page 34.)

1. David Belasco, Rogers Hornsby and Earl Carroll.
2. The spoon.
3. Charles Spencer Chaplin.
4. Bread.
5. Six.
6. Six.
7. Six.
8. Six.
9. Browning.
10. The Bowery.
11. Water.
12. Nine times out of ten, yes.
13. Arthur.
14. Lima, Ohio.
15. Henry Ford.

## Travel

"I ADORE to travel, don't you? Yes, traveling is so broadening. We travel a great deal. Yes, I think so too. Europe is very nice. Don't you think Europe is very nice? My husband loves Europe. Have you ever been to California? We go to California almost every year. It's lovely in California. Don't you think California is lovely? The climate is so wonderful. Aunt Julia loves the wonderful climate. That's why we go to California almost every year. Yes. Do you enjoy traveling on boats? I adore traveling on boats. I hardly ever am seasick. Do you become seasick? My husband hardly ever becomes seasick — except now and then when the ocean gets rough. Which do you think is nicest, California or Europe? I think they're both awfully pleasant but in a different way. Don't you think so? It's so educational to travel. I love to travel, don't you?"

*Robert Lord.*

## Dispossessed

DOLLY: Do you own your own home?

POLLY: No, Jack's mother lives with us.



## Located

"LET'S SEE, YOUR SON GRADUATED LAST YEAR, DIDN'T HE? WHAT'S HE WORKING AT NOW?"  
"RARE INTERVALS."

**"Whattee Plice Gloly?"**

(The scene is in an encampment of the Cantonese Army. Privates QUID, PRO and QUO, which sound as Oriental as any names, are discovered shooting "craps," an ancient Chinese pastime, probably invented by the Ming Dynasty.)

**PRIVATE QUID:** Yeah, I cer-tainly got it in fer this new shavey on our outfit, this here Lootenant Wong. Bawlin' me out fer only havin' one chopstick in me messkit at inspection! "Lieutenant," I says, "this here's a war an' it's gonna be won with bullets an' not chopsticks." Say, he was so mad his face turns orange. So he puts me on K. P.

**PRIVATE PRO:** Hell, I didn't know you was on K. P. What we got for mess to-night?

**PRIVATE QUID:** Aw, same old suey.

**PRIVATE QUO:** Suey, suey! Don't they know how to cook anything in this man's army but suey? Ain't they never heard of chow mein?

**PRIVATE QUID:** I don't mind the chow so much—it's this business of our washin' our own clothes gets my dragon. I got an uncle Chang back in the old country in Wisconsin an' he's got a laundry of his own and would

he think of washin' his own shirt? If I'd thought I was enlistin' in a laundry business instead of a army I'd of gone over with him.

**PRIVATE PRO:** Aw, quit yer bamboo shootin'! War's war.

**PRIVATE QUO:** Well, this is the damnedest poorest war I ever fought in. Look at these Nankingese! A buncha gyppers if there ever was one. I go into a little joint on White Cherry Petal with Little Pink Spots Street for a dish of yockmein an' the dirty Nank that runs it tries to soak

me six yen! They think us Cantonese are made of money!

**PRIVATE PRO:** Some of the janes ain't so bad, though. I got me a little high-yaller baby what's a knockout. Her name's Surface of a Lake that Mirrors Tall Green Reeds and Flying Herons, but I just call her "Surface of a Lake" for short.

("Taps," an ancient Chinese melody signifying "lights out," and composed by the Ming Dynasty, is sounded outside on a Chinese banjo, or whatever they call those squeaky things. Privates QUID, PRO and QUO hastily drape a blanket over a crack in the door.)

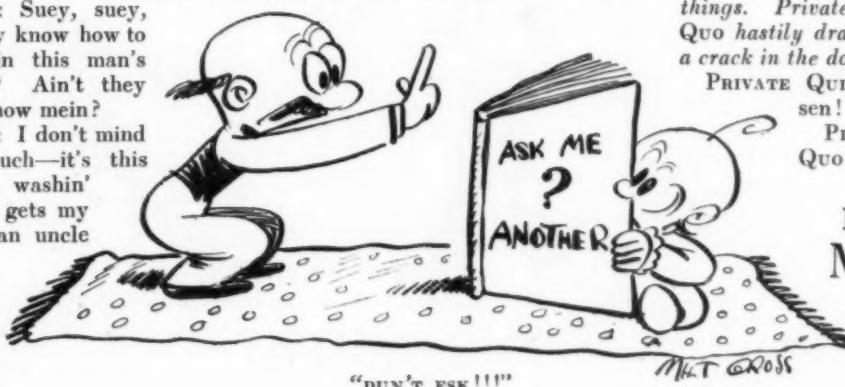
**PRIVATE QUID:** Shoot the ten sen!

**PRIVATE PRO and QUO:** You're faded!  
*Tip Bliss.*

**Lunch Chat**

**MAE:** What'd ya buy a revolver fer, Susie?

**SUSIE:** Fer my hope chest, silly.



## Life



Another General Quiz

## PRIZE WINNERS



## ALIBI NUMBER SIXTEEN

*He (heatedly): WHY DID YOU SAY YOU COULD PLAY THIS GAME WHEN YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HEARTS AND SPADES?*

*She (apologetically): WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... I've asked you a dozen times this evening what's trumps, and you gave me a different answer every time.*

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

JAMES J. HAINES,  
6 Warren Street,  
Boston 19, Massachusetts.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

FAYE BURCHFIELD, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, for the Alibi: "You cross me so much that I ought to have the bridge instinct."

JACK L. ROTH, Cincinnati, Ohio, for the Alibi: "I knew that card wasn't a heart, but I wasn't sure whether it was a spade or a queen."

MARION G. THURSTON, Hampton Institute, Virginia, for the Alibi: "All summer I've been trying to learn which kind is trumps and after I know that, perhaps I can straighten out the others."

RUSSELL WILKS, Detroit, Michigan, for the Alibi: "I was learning rapidly and then the installment man took our radio."

THOMAS E. WILLIAMSON, Dorval, Quebec, Canada, for the Alibi: "You led diamonds and you know I never return a diamond."

## ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 38

## \$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

FOR this week's Alibi, Garrett Price gives us a picture of a young gentleman in a peculiarly nasty predicament. He is under the necessity of inventing an Alibi, or excuse, which must be so ingenious that the young lady will be unable to reject it.

Put yourself in the unfortunate bookkeeper's place, and decide what you would say. Remember, you have ample time for the creation of your reply. He hasn't.

If you can complete, in twenty-five words or less, his answer which begins, "Well, you see, it's this way..." you are eligible for a prize, provided your answers are sufficiently clever and ingenious.

Read the conditions on page 38 and note the date on which your answers must reach LIFE's office.

The Judges will appreciate it if you will write your answers to different Contest numbers on separate sheets of paper.

The prizes are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of  
\$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-TWO will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes.

*Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!*

## ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-ONE



*The Stenographer: WHY, REGGIE! YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T TAKE ME OUT BECAUSE YOU WERE LUNCHING WITH THE BOSS AT HIS CLUB. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?*

*The Bookkeeper: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...*



*Hamlet: "TO BE, OR NOT TO BE; THAT IS THE QUESTION."*  
*Absent minded Stage Hand: I GIVE UP!*

### A Lady Buys a Car

**N**OW this is a stunning model. It becomes me, don't you think? Eighty horsepower, did you say? How dreadfully inconvenient if one got stuck in the mud! Where would one ever get eighty horses to pull one out? I should think one or two horsepower would be quite sufficient. Do you charge extra for alterations? Never mind about going into the differential. My husband will prefer to pay for it all at once, I'm sure. This mirror ought to be tilted a little. I can't see myself in it at all the way it is now. Fifteen miles to the gallon? How many cases do you think that would be a week? Now about these headlights—don't you think the cloche effect is just a bit passé? This shade of blue will go stunningly with my greyhound, but the number plates will have to be changed—lemon numbers on a slate background would be about right, don't you think? Of course you understand I shall return it if it doesn't suit. And you're quite sure I won't see any copies? Yes, charge it, please." *C. E. L.*

### Fate!

**B**INKS (*over newspaper*): Life's a funny proposition. Here's Joe Gulp—he's voted in every Chicago election for the last forty years and now he dies from a pin scratch!

### The Trouble

**N**EW COOK: I can't get the dinner the way you told me to, ma'am.

MISTRESS: Why not?

NEW COOK: Didn't you tell me to have roast beef and gravy?

MISTRESS: Yes, that's what I ordered.

NEW COOK: Well, the butcher sent up the beef but he didn't send a drop of gravy.



### Why I Can't Read Love Stories

**S**HE had the slim figure of a boy...."

I lowered the magazine. Memories of the old swimming hole came back to me...long, spindly necks supporting oversize heads...knife-like shoulder blades wagging under the skin of scrawny backs...parallel rows of protruding ribs...lead-pencil biceps...hip bones you could hang your hat on...incurved gangling legs with enormous knobby knees...feet..."the slim figure of a boy."

I threw away the magazine. I don't object to style, but I know how I like my women. *R. V. S.*

### New Types

**D**OCTOR (*at insane asylum*): Any new patients arrive?

ATTENDANT: Yes, Doc, two. One of those "Ask me another question" fellows, and the other one is a Prohibition debater.

### Contact

**B**ob: DO YOU KNOW ALICE VERY WELL?

**B**ill: OH, YES. I'VE RIDDEN FIVE IN A SEAT WITH HER!



DETOUR TO BOSTON  
DETOUR TO LYNN  
DETOUR TO SALEM  
AND BACK AGAIN!



SING A SONG OF BOOTLEG  
CASES FULL OF RYE—  
FOUR AND TWENTY COPS  
CHASING IT ON HIGH  
WHEN THE STUFF WAS OPENED  
THE COPS BEGAN TO SING  
“SWEET ADELINE - THE GLOAMING”  
AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING!



LITTLE BO-BLUE  
COME BLOW YOUR HORN!



HI, DIDDLE DIDDLE! —  
ROAD-HOGS IN THE MIDDLE  
YOU HAVE TO GET INTO THE DITCH  
THE ROAD-HOG LAUGHED  
TO SEE SUCH SPORT  
AS YOU CALL HIM A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!



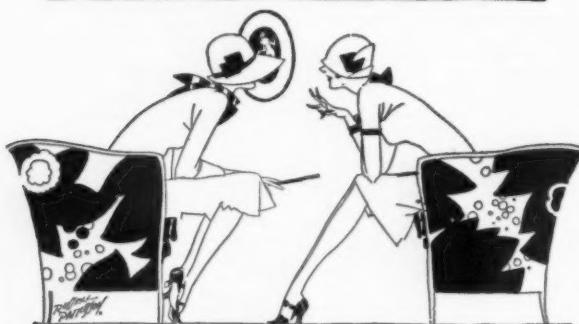
JACK SPRATT COULD DRIVE TO THE LEFT  
HIS WIFE COULD DRIVE TO THE RIGHT  
THEY HAD TWO STEERING WHEELS PUT IN  
WHICH SOLVED THE QUESTION QUITE!



LITTLE BO-CORD  
HAS LOST HER FORD &  
CAN'T TELL WHERE  
TO FIND IT.  
LEAVE IT ALONE,  
AND IT'LL COME HOME  
WAGGING ITS TAIL-LIGHT  
BEHIND IT!

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAG

Motor Goose

**JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS**

**M**Y dear, I am ACTually all of a DOOdah—I mean I'm SIMPLY QUIVERing with agiTAtion over this odd TELEvision contrivance they have suddenly thought UP because I honestly think the iDEA of it is TOO perVERTed—I mean I ACTually DO! I mean you have little eNOUGH privacy as it IS nowadays because you practicably NEVer can get a MINute to yourSELF or anything, but with this poisonous TELEvision idea people will be able to disCOVER you at simply ANY odd hour of the day or NIGHT, my dear, which is actually the most BILious situAtion because I mean I have ALways simply aDORED TELephoning when I am in a hot BATH, which to say the LEAST would be kind of IMPRACTicable with this TELEvision iDEA in operation, do you know what I mean? HONestly, my dear, I am getting rapidly OSsified with this VILE iDEA because it just means that you will have the most SOBbing exPEriences like having some BOY friend suddenly PHONE you when you are BOUNDing around your BOUdoir with practicably nothing on but a STEP-in, because I mean you will simply NEVer be able to reMEMber to put something ON before you answer the PHONE. Well, ANYways, my dear, the iDEA of this obnoxious TELEvision thing would be simply SCREAMing in SOME ways, because I mean think of the people you could call UP and disCOVER in all kind of COMpromising and emBARrassing poSItions and everything! I mean I honestly think THAT part of it would be terribly inTRIguing—I mean I ACTually DO!"

*Lloyd Mayer.*

**Exclusive**

**M**R. NORTH: The Burrows seem to be unusually proud of their car.

**Mrs. West:** Yes; they can't afford it more than anybody in our set.

**ALICE** (*listening to college quartette*): Oh, Virginia! Wouldn't you like to have those boys for your first four husbands?

**Journalistic Portraits**

*Bruce Barton*

**H**E cuts the uplift-reading public with Glenn Frank, Dr. Frank Crane, and Henry L. Mencken. He is understood to get thirty-five per cent. of the gross receipts with the privilege of having his own man audit the books.

His influence has thoroughly saturat-ed the American people. Recently a candidate for the wrestling champion-ship was billed as "The man nobody throws."

He is the envy of all newspaper men because he has shown what an editorial writer can do if he turns profes-sional.

Until he came along with the younger generation, the farthest North in making money out of the Bible had been reached by the Reverend Bill-y Sunday....What a wonderful sub-division salesman he would make!

*McCready Huston.*

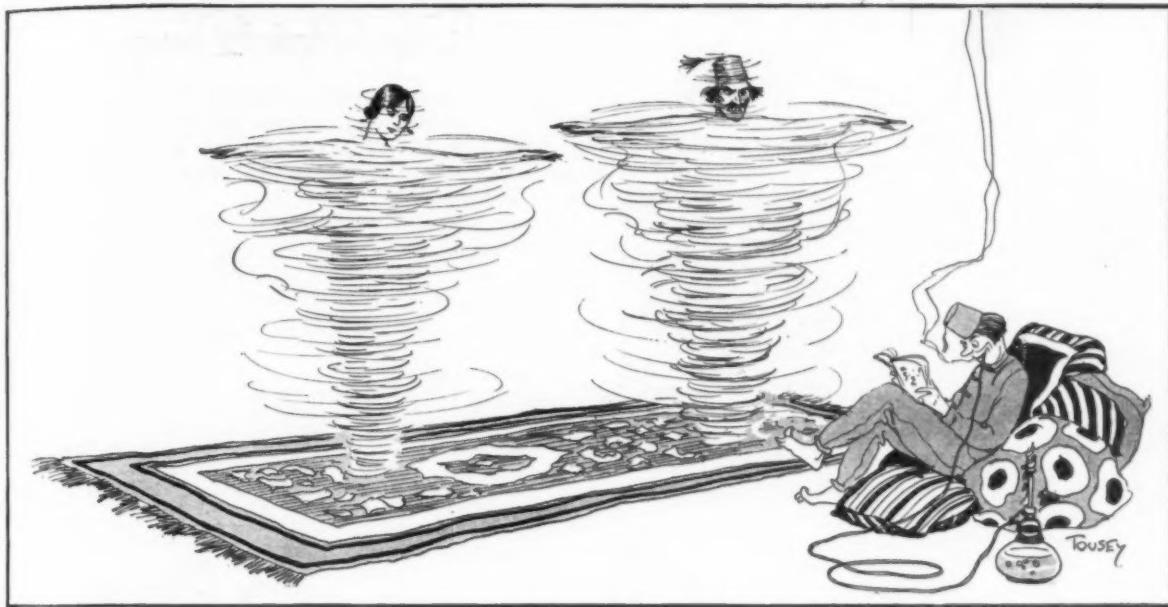


**Tabloid Reporter:** I JUST THOUGHT OF A SWELL HEADLINE—  
“HOOCH QUEEN SLAYS DADDY IN LOVE ORGY.”

**Editor:** FINE! NOW GO OUT AND PICK UP A STORY TO FIT IT.



**Mrs. Brown:** DID YOU REMEMBER ME TO YOUR GRANDMA, TOMMY?  
**Tommy:** YES, BUT SHE FORGOT YOU THE NEXT MINUTE.



*Mrs. Whirling Dervish (twirling violently): HUBBY, DEAR, I WISH YOU'D SPEAK TO THAT LAZY SON OF OURS. HE TOILS NOT—NEITHER DOES HE SPIN.*

### The Point of View

(*The player tells about it.*)

"—and, gosh, there was my ball in a terrible lie and about two hundred yards from the green. So I said to myself, 'Now's the time if ever,' and I took my mid-iron and addressed the ball and then just concentrated—blotted everything out of my mind but the pill and how to make the stroke. Then I took a slow, easy backswing, remembering everything the pro told me, and came down with lots of power, and—well, sir, I just naturally lifted that ball right up out of there and laid it on the green—enough back-spin to hold it on, too. Prettiest iron shot I ever saw if I do say it myself. Also, that shot gave me the hole and the match. Not bad, huh?"

(*His opponent tells about it.*)

"—and his rotten drive took a couple of crazy bounces and there this lucky stiff was all teed up on a tuft of grass and only about a hundred and thirty yards from the pin—and then the darned fool plays

it with a mid-iron, no less, instead of the mashie any half-way decent golfer would have used. If he weren't such an anaemic bird he'd have hit it a hundred yards too far. So he takes his funny-looking swing, dropping his shoulder and doing all the wrong things there are to do and by the merest accident manages to shovel the ball onto the green—dead to the flag. Can ya beat it?"

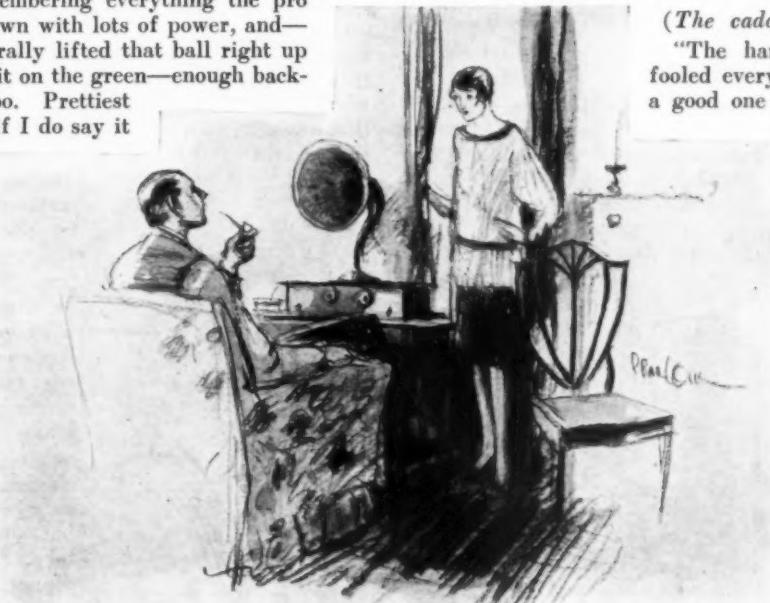
(*The caddie tells about it.*)

"The ham with the glasses fooled everybody to-day and hit a good one on the eighteenth—and it made the bald-headed ham sore because he thought he had the match sewed up—and so he didn't give me a tip, the big stew. You wait and see how many balls that cheap skat e needs to play a round the next time I caddy for him."

E. L. Gordy.

*Voice from the Ringside: WELL, IT LOOKS AS IF YOUNG BIFFO WERE ABOUT TO BE ROCKED TO SLEEP.*

"WHY, GEORGE, AREN'T THE BED-TIME STORIES OVER YET?"



**A N X I O U S MOTHER:**  
And is my boy really trying?

**WEARY TEACHER:** Very.



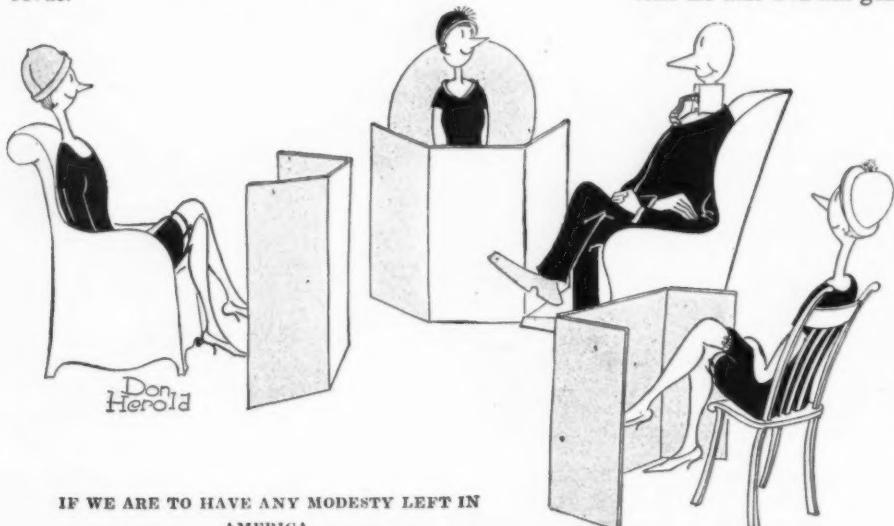
"SO I SAYS TO HIM, 'NO, NOT FOR A MILLION DOLLARS WOULD I MARRY A TRAP-DRUMMER! WHY, WHAT KIND OF A HOME LIFE WOULD I LEAD, I ASK YOU?'"

### A Certainty

"I'M trying to think of a graduation gift for a girl; something that will really hold her interest. What can you suggest?"

"Have you thought of a pair of garters?"

WE venture the prediction that "Marching Through Georgia" will never be played in an Earl Carroll revue.

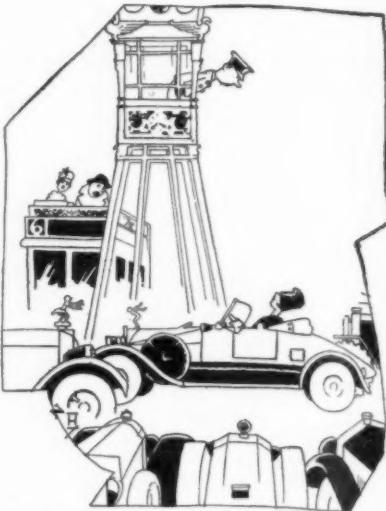


### Mrs. Pep's Diary

April  
12th

Marge Boothby announced before I was out of bed, she, having spent this year's income so recklessly that she must now apply the selective principle to her whims, seeking counsel as to whether she should buy a Buick or have her face lifted, and I did urge her to get the motor car, forasmuch as it would be difficult even with microscopic inspection to find a wrinkle on her countenance, and I do think she was somewhat disappointed. Lord! what a splendid ancient Athenian Marge would have made, being constantly alert to hear or see or do some new thing. Then I did make her tell me about the Coppers' party last night, even down to what had been served for dinner, for recently I have developed a keen interest in what people have to eat, so that I do often inquire of the most casual acquaintances what viands they have consumed or proffered on this or that occasion. To luncheon at Dora Southgate's, and she tells me that Ted has gone to live at the club because she did imply that in similar circumstances his conduct would have been the same as that of Chester Gillette in "An American Tragedy," but methinks he chose to take seriously whatever piece of her chatter would afford him an excuse for a few uninterrupted evenings of bridge, nor do I blame him much, neither, for not only does Dora's discourse take an incredible time to pass a given point, but she recovers her territory. To the Bannings' for dinner, whereat a great company, and afterwards we fell to the simple nursery games which are having such draw-

(Continued on page 36)



*The Girl: HEY, OFFICER! IF YOU SEE AN ATTRACTIVE-LOOKING YOUNG MAN WITH DARK CURLY HAIR DRIVE PAST HERE IN A MULBERRY-COLORED MARMON WITH BURNT-ORANGE TRIMMINGS, PLEASE TELL HIM I CAN'T MEET HIM AT THE RITZ UNTIL A QUARTER PAST SIX.*

**Tu Ne Quaesieris**

(Being a translation of Horace's Ode XI, Book I, the first poem on record to express disgust with the questionnaire craze.)

**L**EUCONOÉ, I've stood it long enough—  
Your questioning is driving me insane;  
They'll diagnose it "softening of the brain"  
If you keep up this what's-the-answer stuff.

Thus you: 1) Just what end awaits us? 2)  
What do the Babylonian tables show?  
3) How many more winters do we go?  
And 4) Has Jove the date when we skidoo?

I know you're trying hard to give me one  
Grand time and entertain your poet-guest;  
But, Leucy, give the harried bean a rest;  
These queries aren't my idea of fun.

Why not enjoy ourselves instead of wrecking  
Our heads? Move over for a little necking!

Simonetta.

**Binneyville Bugle**

**E**D JIMPSON has developed a sudden streak of effeminity. He had his hair shingled Wednesday and bought himself a pair of pajamas.

\* \* \*

Binney Beach was so crowded last Saturday that Constable Whiddy would let only half the bathers go in at one time, for fear the stream would overflow its banks and flood adjoining farms.

\* \* \*

Miss Tessie Cull was so unfortunate as to break her little finger while crooking it Friday afternoon in the Pekoe-Boo Tea Room.

F. B. M.



"THIS CLUB WILL COST YOU TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, SIR,  
BUT IT WILL ADD FIFTY YARDS TO YOUR DRIVE."  
"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS IS A LOT FOR A CLUB, BUT I GUESS  
I CAN SWING IT."



"BUT I ORDERED DEMI-TASSE."  
"AW, THA'S AWRIGHT, LADY. DRINK HALF OF IT."

**The Hollywood Studio Café**

"I BEEN sittin' around here made-up since last Tuesday and I ain't worked yet." . . . "So I told Mr. Lasky just what to do but he didn't do it and now he's sorry." . . . "We cut to the Marines coming, coming, coming." . . . "You gimme your check and I'll give you my check and then we'll both give him our check." . . . "Speaking of art, did you ever see the picture I made in —" . . . "The heavy steals the battleship and we pick them up in a long shot on the desert." . . . "Well, Moe got a little bit drunk and tried to shoot the policeman." . . . "He said to call him up some time next year so I'm very encouraged." . . . "I know it's a good title: I used it in every picture I done for three years and it always gets a laugh." . . . "Who made that girl the star she is to-day? I ask you—who made her? I made her a star." . . . "It'll be selling for a thousand dollars a front foot in just a little while." . . . "We cut back to the Marines coming, coming, coming." . . . "De trouble wit de Hean-  
industry is by us too many foreigners."

Robert Lord.

**The Advertiser's Joy**

"WHAT are you turning around for, John?"  
"I've just discovered we've come five hundred and ten miles since morning; we'll have to run back to the five-hundred-mile mark and change the oil."

**Fair Play**

**K**ITTY: How did you get rid of that radio collector so soon?  
BETTY: I started up the radio.

**S**ECRETARY KELLOGG says the United States should treat all nations alike. What a lot of Marines that will take!

## Life

## Television



*She: YOU UNSPEAKABLE PIG! WORDS FAIL ME!  
He (who has been getting a good hauling over the coals  
for the last half-hour): THANK GOD!*

## Bye, Bye, Bivalve

ALWAYS at a loss about something, our present worry is over what oysters find to keep themselves occupied during months in which there is no "R."

IN these days even a rich man can't keep his wife decently dressed.



*Diver's Wife: WHAT'S THE IDEA, COMING HOME IN THAT OUTFIT?*

*"IT'S RAINING AND I DIDN'T WANT TO GET WET."*

I SIMPLY can't wait for the day when there will be a television telephone in every home. Aside from the social possibilities just imagine the fun it will be reporting a fire or calling a policeman or both. Suppose, for example, you come home some day and find your husband committing suicide for no reason at all. You hastily put on your favorite negligee, curl the ends of your hair, straighten your lipstick and rush to the television thing.

"Hello, I want a policeman," you say, noting meanwhile that the operator has had her eyebrows plucked.

"Right-o," answers the operator. "That's an awfully smart outfit."

"Do you really like it? I'm terribly glad," you reply. "But would you mind hurrying? My husband seems to be well on the way to ending it all."

"No! Let's see!"

"Oh, all right, but I wish you'd hurry."

Just then a big, deep voice, or a little, wee voice, or a medium-sized voice says, "Police Headquarters," and the handsome Irish face of the police lieutenant appears. The operator is very much annoyed and vanishes, with a few curses.

"I wants a politeman. Baby wantha politeman," you lisp with your most alluring smile.

"Bejabers, begorra, shure and phwy, you bit of a colleen?" says the lieutenant, placing his hands on his hips and shaking his head from side to side in the droll Irish manner.

"My husband is suiciding," you say. "Here, give a look."

You step aside so the officer can see your husband cutting his throat, or hanging himself, or standing with his mouth over the gas-jet, as the case may be.

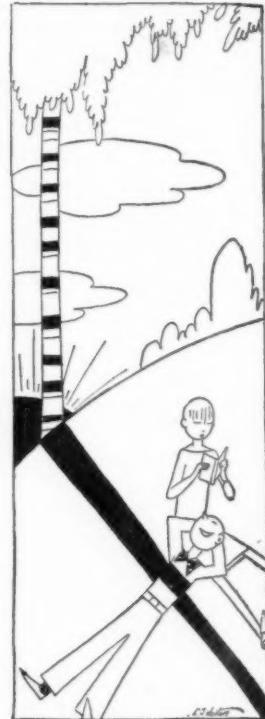
"Is that him? The funny-looking guy with the low comedy ears?" asks the lieutenant.

"I must admit he's not looking his best but that's the one."

"He has a button off his vest," the lieutenant will remark, just to show he could be a detective if he wanted to. "Are you quite sure it wouldn't be best, after all, to leave him alone?"

"Whose husband is he? Mine or the Police Department's?" you return loyally. "And how about that policeman?"

"Well," says the lieutenant thoughtfully, "I only  
(Continued on page 37)



*She (reading from the Rubaiyat): "A BOOK OF VERSES UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH—A JUG OF WINE—  
A LOAF OF BREAD—"  
He: AND HOW!*

## Two "Ask Me Another!" Fans Meet

**H**ELLO, Joe!"

"Hello, Mike! How's the old boy?"

"According to the Bible a man's years are threescore and ten, and who was it that said, 'A man is as old as his inhibitions'?"

"Dr. Sigmund Freud, the noted Viennese psychoanalyst. Can't catch me on that one. Looks like rain, don't it, Mike?"

"Rain? Rain? Oh, yes! The name of a very successful play, founded on a short story by the eminent English author W. Somerset Maugham (1872—). You see, I remember, I remember . . ."

"That's easy. 'The house where I was born,' Thomas Hood (1799-1845), distinguished English poet."

"Same old Joe! Well, I got to be moving along. You won't take any wooden nickels, will you?"

"Not a chance. The Republic of Caribou is the only place in the world where the coinage system is founded on a wood standard, one cent (gumwood), nickel (oakwood), etc., and I don't mean maple! So long, Mike. See you to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow."



*Father: WELL, DID YOU GET THE BABY TO SLEEP?*

*Mother: YES, AT LAST. I HAD TO BLOW SMOKE RINGS FOR HER, AND SHE DROPPED OFF ON THE FORTY-SEVENTH.*

"Creeps in this petty pace from day to day."

"Shakespeare."

"Macbeth."

"Act V."

"Scene 5."

"Line 19 *et seq.*"

Mike and Joe press each other's hands with suppressed emotion and go their separate ways home.

*Courtenay Akt.*

## Her Line

**A**LICE? Ah, no; she comes to me Refreshing as the summer sea; For all the other girls I know Are far too worldly-wise, and so Before her shrine I bend the knee.

I love her frank simplicity, Her innocent, unstudied glee, And pray that she may never throw A line!

From smart sophistication free; As vernal as a young birch tree; Her candid spirit's joyous glow Diverts me from the passing show. Her artlessness—say, can that be A line?

*J. R. S.*

## Overheard

(In a Red Ink Restaurant)

**E**LAINE, you're wonderful! All these cynical theories about men being polygamous may or may not be true. But there's nobody else for me but you, Elaine. If I were a musician I'd put you into a song—for you mean all the divine melodies in the world to me. When I hear Schubert's 'Song of Love' it seems as if something 'way inside of me turns completely over on its axis.... Of course I'm nothing in your life—just a passer-by, that's all, Elaine. But jus' the same, a man can have his dreams.... She said that? She's a cockeyed liar!....

*Gracian M. Kelley.*



"WOT DIDJA GO AN' CONFESS FOR?"

"I TRIED TO HOLD IN BUT THEY TOOK ME RIDIN' IN A POLICE FLIVVER AN' JOLTED TH' STORY OUT O' ME."

*CARL ANDERSON*



MAY 5, 1927

VOL. 89. 2322

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President

LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor  
F. D. CASEY, Art Editor

IT used to be said: Love will find a Way. The same may be observed of the Roman Catholic Church in the assistance to love which now and then it offers. One reads in a headline: "Rome Will Decree Marconi Marriage Invalid: Prior Separation Agreement Held to Void It." Well, so be it! If the Marlborough - Vanderbilt marriage was annulable, any solvent Catholic hearts that meditate a new mating should be able to accomplish it. Maybe the Roman Church, breathing the contemporary air, has come to feel that some relaxation of marriage ties in suitable cases is expedient.

Judge Lindsey's "companionate marriage," which he advocates as something that would decrease divorce, is nothing more, he says, than what is going on at present. It is not trial marriage. He does not approve of that. He hates divorce and wants to diminish it. So he says make relief from failed marriages easier. Let Americans get at home what they get in Paris or in Reno. Abate the laws a little so that the present disreputable, evasive, collusive and costly divorce proceedings may not have to be. So he would have more laws made or unmade, which might be good and might not; Heaven knows!

IT is with marriage as it is with a lot of other things. The effort constantly goes on to cure by legal means something that can only be cured by spiritual means. Better laws won't do anything very much for marriage. What the divorce situation needs is better people.

Is it not the same about war? Mr. Oswald Villard, in "Ten Years After," in the *Nation*, reviews the War, and especially our entry into it, so lugubriously as to make one thankful that there are still lamp posts on which folks can hang themselves if they can evade the police. Mr. Villard, though not an approver of the German Government, had congenital sympathies with Germans and Germany. They ran in his blood. So did the hatred of war, and he still thinks we ought never to have gone into that one, and that we have done hardly anything that was worth doing or even proper to do since we did go in. He says the Germans who were beaten are better loved in Europe than we are.

Well, that is one good thing we did. By getting in in the nick of time to help the Allies to beat Germany, we have helped to make Germany popular, whereas, and Mr. Villard will perhaps agree to it, if she had won the war, she would probably still be feared and execrated.



MR. CHURCHILL says in his new book that so far as military intelligence and direction went, the war as won by the Allies was by no means a skilful performance. He holds that it cost immensely more lives than it should have cost.

There is something for Mr. Villard. The war went along until everybody hated war. Most of our fellows who went in hated it heartily and went in to end it, and they hate it still. That is something we should credit to the War. The great truth

about peace seems to be that it has to come spiritually before it can come physically. You cannot cure divorce by making it harder for people who have got married and want to quit. Somehow, if you are to do a good job, you must make them want to stay married. Neither can you make peace by making rules for people who want to make war. Somehow you have to make them want peace. You have got to make your world spiritually peaceful before you can make it physically and politically peaceful.

What makes war hateful?  
War!  
What makes it look attractive?  
Unwilling Peace.  
What makes divorce unpopular?  
Divorce!  
What makes it look attractive?  
Compulsory or unwilling marriage!  
What makes rum hateful?  
Run!  
What makes more people want it?  
Prohibition.  
The same law works in all these cases, a law summed up in the strange words: "Resist not evil"!

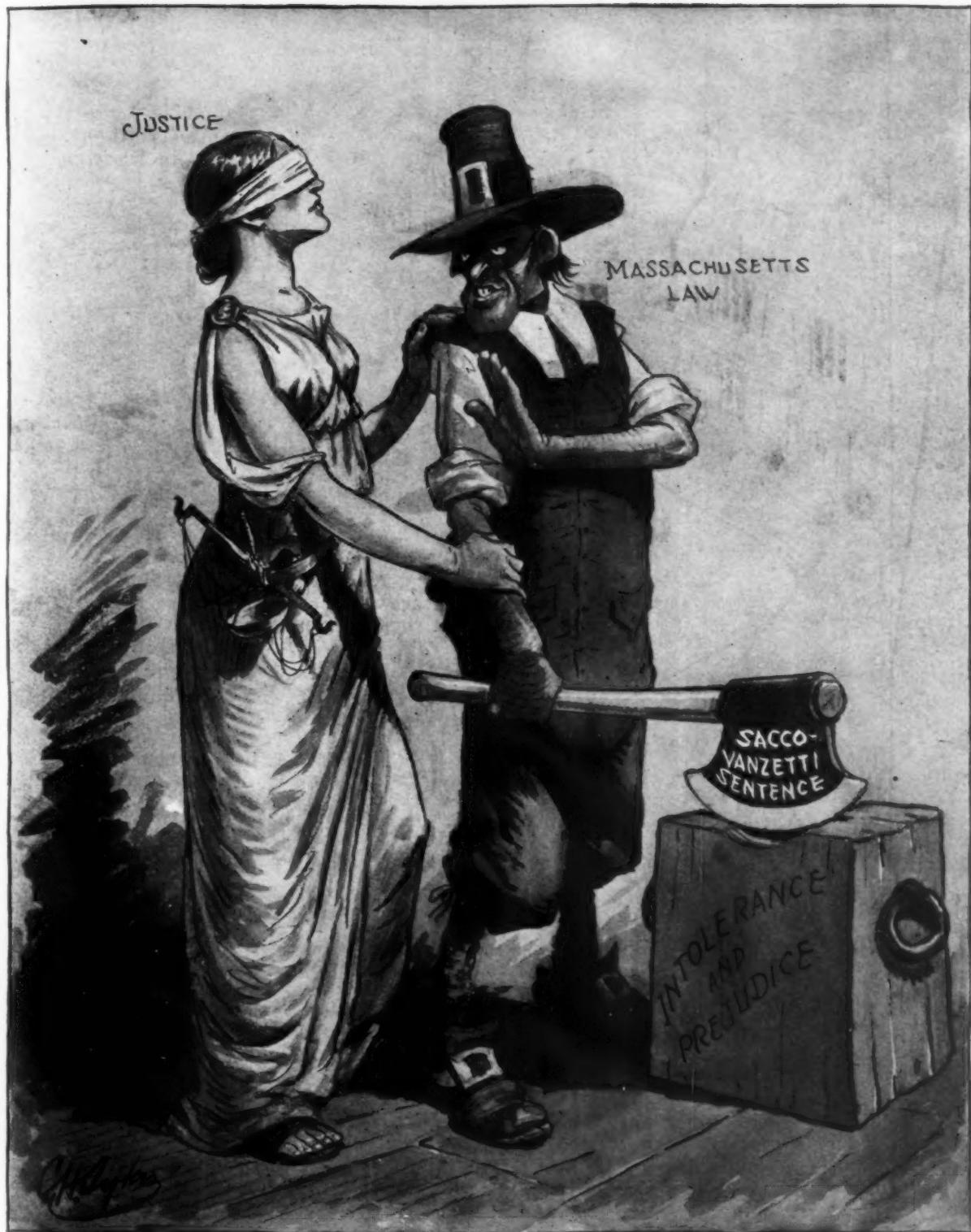


ONE reads funny things in the papers, as when the New York *American* in its news columns said of the late Senator Smith of New Jersey: "Probably his greatest triumph came in his early friendship for Woodrow Wilson. He nominated Wilson for Governor, and paid the expense of the campaign. Later their friendship cooled and Wilson blocked his renomination for the Senate."

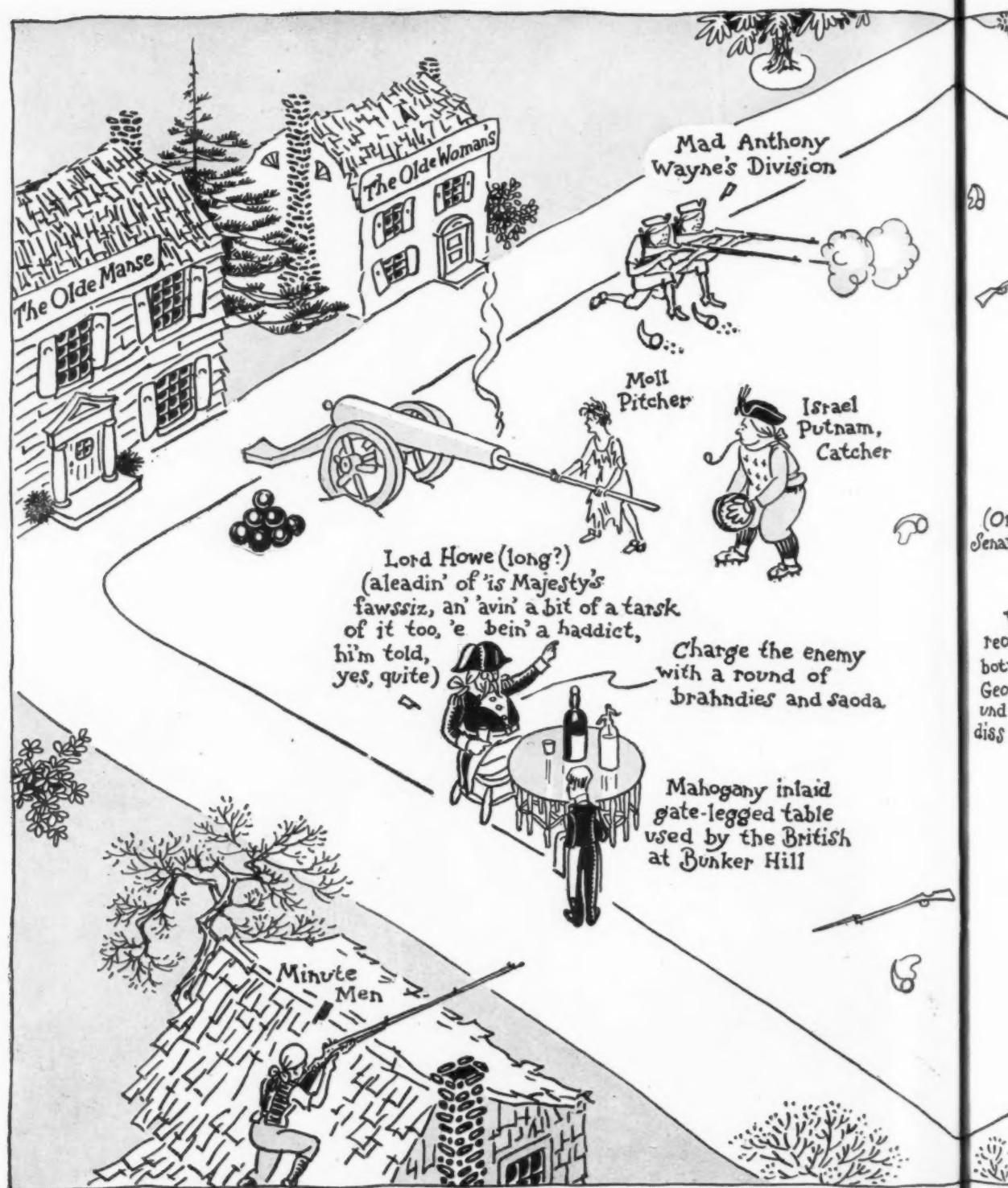
What will Colonel George Harvey say to that? It was he who made Mr. Wilson Governor of New Jersey, collecting the money to do it in his own hat and persuading Senator Smith to allow it to be done.

**G**OVERNOR SMITH'S reply to Mr. Marshall's letter has been received with enthusiasm by his friends and would-be supporters. It is a message of the first importance, and should help a lot to clarify the status of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, and disclose the attitude of lay members of that Church towards their religious organization.

E. S. Martin.

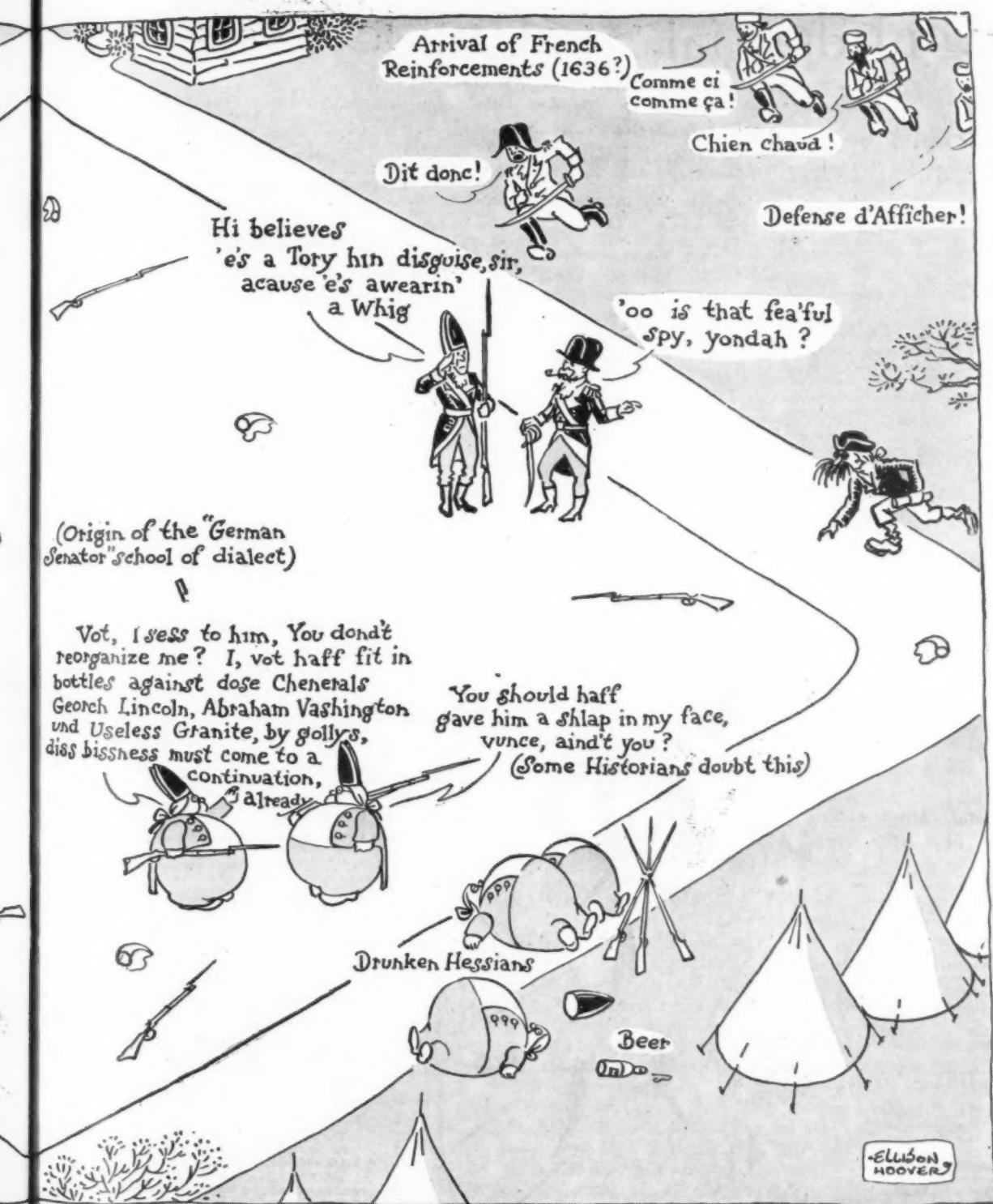


"What have you got to do with it!"



Recollections of the Sand B

By One with Jazy M



The Second Battle of Lexington  
with Lazy Memory

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspaper the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Barker.** *Biltmore*—Life in a tent-show, with several interesting complications. Walter Huston heads a good cast.

**Caponacci.** *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in costume.

**Crime.** *Times Square*—A robbery scene that makes up for some of the rest of the play. James Rennie also helps.

**The Crown Prince.** *Forrest*—Very high-class loving and dying, with Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis participating.

**The Field God.** *Greenwich Village*—A play by Paul Green, who wrote "In Abraham's Bosom." With Fritz Leiber. To be reviewed later.

**Fog.** *National*—A shipful of sinister things adrift in the fog. Should be creepier than it is.

**Fog-Bound.** *Belmont*—They have changed the ending of this Nance O'Neil play since it opened. Now if they will change the first part and the middle portions—

**The House of Shadows.** *Longacre*—Mystery melodrama, with Tom Powers. To be reviewed next week.

**The Mystery Ship.** *Comedy*—A good idea written and acted like a bad one.

**Set a Thief.** *Lyceum*—Murder and robbery in familiar combination.

**The Spider.** *Forty-Sixth St.*—Such a mystery show as you probably never have seen—but will probably see many times after the imitators get to work.

**Spread Eagle.** *Martin Beck*—A tense melodrama showing War in the making. Something to see by all means.

**The Squall.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—The sex urge in Sunny Spain. Pretty bad.

**The Thief.** *Ritz*—Alice Brady and Lionel Atwill in a revival. To be reviewed next week.

**Wall Street.** *Hudson*—A romantic melodrama. To be reviewed next week.

**The Wooden Kimono.** *Fulton*—A thriller which manages to be comic and creepy at the same time.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—According to Broadway gossip, this show is already "out of the red," all expenses paid, and is beginning to make money.

**Broadway.** *Broadhurst*—We have never heard any one say that this isn't a good show, and a lot of people have seen it.

**Chicago.** *Music Box*—A time and bitter joshing of our criminal court procedure and allied journalism. Francine Larrimore as the popular murderess.

**The Comic.** *Masque*—With J. C. Nugent and Patricia Collinge.

**The Constant Wife.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Ethel Barrymore at her comedy-best in a Maugham drawing-room.

**The Devil in the Cheese.** *Plymouth*—This gossamer bit seems to have had enough staying power to have broken the Punch and Judy jinx and now to move over to Broadway.

**Father Walks Out.** *Morosco*—To be reviewed later.

**The Gossipy Sex.** *Mansfield*—With Lynn Overman. To be reviewed next week.

**Her Cardboard Lover.** *Empire*—Jeanne Eagels in something which does not particularly suit her. Leslie Howard is more happily cast.

**Love Is Like That.** *Cort*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Ned McCobb's Daughter.** *John Golden*—A good play and an interesting one, with fine performances by Alfred Lunt and Clare Eames.

**Night Hawk.** *Frolic*—Glands and their uses made into an interesting comedy with Carroll McComas.

**The Play's the Thing.** *Henry Miller's*—Holl Brook Blinn in an example of how to get away with salacity by being good-naturedly refined about it.

**Right You Are If You Think You Are.** *Garrick*—Pirandello fooling around with metaphysics and things. Good exercise.

**The Road to Rome.** *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl making Hannibal's failure to capture Rome plausible and entertaining.

**Saturday's Children.** *Booth*—A charming comedy dealing with young folks who work for a living. Ruth Gordon and an excellent cast.

**Sinner.** *Klaw*—Fun among the road-houses and in the home. A play which hardly justifies its frankness, in spite of Allan Dinehart and Claiborne Foster.

**The Tightwad.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Tommy.** *Erlinge*—Juvenile love-making, all very clean and pleasant for a change.

**Two Girls Wanted.** *Little*—Nice enough.

**What Anne Brought Home.** *Wallack's*—Mild.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Cherry Blossoms.** *Cosopolitan*—One of those Japanese ones. Howard Marsh and Desiree Ellinger.

**The Circus Princess.** *Winter Garden*—Gloria Foy, Georges Hassell and Bickel, Hal Skelly and Desiree Tabor. To be reviewed later.

**Countess Maritza.** *Jolson*—Good Viennese music. Walter Woolf, Odette Mytil and Carl Randall.

**The Desert Song.** *Casino*—Good all-around operetta. Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

**Hit the Deck.** *Belasco*—Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew. To be reviewed next week.

**Honeymoon Lane.** *Knickerbocker*—Eddie Dowling and a show which a large number of people like.

**Lady Do. Liberty.** Based on a female impersonator, Karyl Norman, with Nancy Welford and Lew Hearn. To be reviewed later, if ever.

**LeMaire's Affairs.** *Majestic*—An evening full of such entertainers as Lester Allen, Charlotte Greenwood and Ted Lewis.

**Lucky.** *New Amsterdam*—Spectacular entertainment, with Walter Catlett, "Skeets" Gallagher, Mary Eaton, Santley and Sawyer, and Paul Whiteman's band.

**A Night in Spain.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—With Phil Baker, George Price, Brennan and Rogers. To be reviewed later.

**Oh, Kay!** *Imperial*—Gertrude Lawrence, Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw in pleasing juxtaposition.

**Peggy-Ann.** *Vanderbilt*—Something different, and very nice. Helen Ford heads the cast.

**Queen High.** *Ambassador*—Still stepping along to catchy tunes. Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

**The Stork Is Dead.** *Selwyn*—With Gertrude Vanderbilt, Victor Morley and Stanley Ridges. To be reviewed later.

**The Ramblers.** *Lyric*—Considerable laughter incident to the presence of Clark and McCullough.

**Rio Rita.** *Ziegfeld*—Some very nice stuff but chiefly for the eye. Ady May, Robert Wooley and Bert Wheeler.

**Scandals.** *Apollo*—George White showing how such things should be done. Harry Richman, Frances Williams and the Howard Brothers.

**Yours Truly.** *Shubert*—Elegance and entertainment from Leon Errol and Marion Harris.





### In a Word, "No"

WERE it not for our devotion to the beautiful, beautiful letters of America and our love of writing for writing's sake, we wouldn't put a word on paper this week. For we have nothing worth writing about. Just wait and see.

"Love Is Like That" ought to have been worth at least a couple of sticks of type, but it wasn't. It is by S. N. Behrman (author of "The Second Man") and Kenyon Nicholson (author of "The Barker"), both capable of better things. But Mr. Behrman has gone to great pains to avoid lapsing into his native facility for amusing dialogue and Mr. Nicholson has shunned his gift for telling a story as he would have shunned a minor plague, with the result that "Love Is Like That" has both dialogue and story of the vintage of 1903 or perhaps 1904. The hero even makes believe that he is a valet (when he really, my dear, is a Russian nobleman), just to sift his true friends from the false.



EVEN the actors in "Love Is Like That" catch the spirit of the thing and, given half a chance, heave and sigh and look at the backs of their hands and say, "Very well... I will go." Mr. Rathbone is called upon to sit on a couch and make a speech which has not been equalled for rotundity since Napier told Iris March about her eyes and things in "The Green Hat" away back in 1897. It has been estimated (on the back of a program) that if Napier and Vladimir could be seated on the same couch, each reading his speech, they could propel the couch from Pier 51, North River, to Blackwell's Island, at which point they could both be unloaded.

There really isn't much more to say about "Love Is Like That" except that two young ladies, Miss Ann Davis and Miss Barbara Bulgakov, do much better than you would have thought any one could do, and that the rest of the show is hooey.



WE now come to "One Glorious Hour," which ought to be far, far from here by the time these lines are flashed across the sky. "One Glorious Hour" almost reaches the low-water mark for the season, and we use the word "almost" because we happen to be feeling in a genial mood. In fact, by using the word "season" we are giving it a pretty good break. We could have said "decade."

Well, it seems there were three boys who went out in "a lodge somewhere in Central Europe" to write poetry, paint pictures and compose music. Away from it all. The one who composed music was always leaving the eggs to dash over to the piano and jot down a bar of inspiration, which, on being played, turned out to be pretty punk. The artist tried drawing a foot every once in a while but couldn't quite make a go of it. The poet didn't even try. Something was lacking. Guess what!

And then came Baby. Baby was a countess or something incognito and also in a bathing suit, and it was just what the boys needed. The musician's dashes to the piano became more frequent and at least he seemed more pleased with the result. The artist tore off a practically perfect impression of a foot, and the poet—well, it was all the poet could do to keep from writing an ode to a Grecian urning.

And then Baby went home with her entourage, which, however much it may have upset the lodge boys, was a big relief to that portion of the audience seated in M-9 and 11 (very bad seats, by the way).



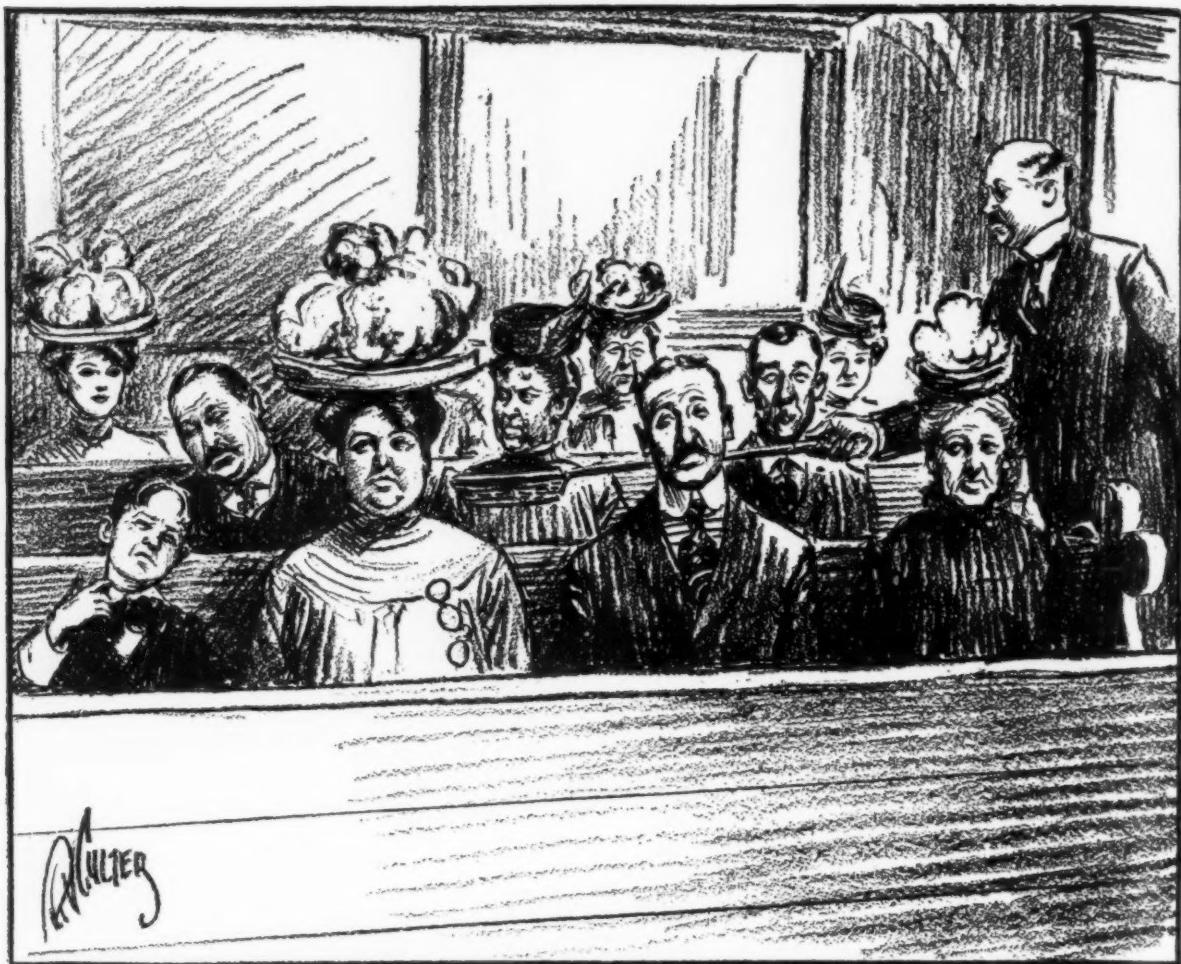
IN grouping "The Tightwad" with the two preceding opera, we are not being so mean as we sound. For what it sets out to be, "The Tightwad" is quite all right. But, from this plateau, it wouldn't seem to have much chance in the hurly-burly of modern civilization. But, for that matter, neither did "Two Girls Wanted," "What Ann Brought Home" or "Tommy." And they are still bouncing along.

"The Tightwad" has a little of everything in it—"The First Year," "Saturday's Children," "Tommy" and a dash of vanilla soda, but withal, it manages to keep its head above water and sound like something. Not much, but something.

It is one of those plays where the curtain rises on the father of a small-town family reading the newspaper. (A new bit of business, however, has been added to this old scene—the surrender of "part of the paper" to the mother when she comes in from the kitchen.) From then on the course is over the main highway of small-town home-life comedies, but there is very little fooling around by the wayside. The thing does plod along. And, on the whole, is well done.

A moment of silent prayer was held on the entrance of Miss Marie Carroll. The last time we saw her enter a scene was five years ago this month on the first night of "Abie's Irish Rose."

*Robert Benchley.*



The Gay Nineties

EVERY GATHERING OF PEOPLE ON THESE WARM SPRING DAYS BRINGS BACK TO THE DODDERING REMINISCIENCE THE PENETRATING ODOR OF THE LITTLE ASAFO-TIDA BAGS WHICH HUNG ROUND THE NECKS OF THE CAUTIOUS IN THE "TAKE-NO-CHANCES" NINETIES. THE SIGHT OF THE FIRST ROBIN WAS THE SIGNAL FOR EVERY ONE TO FLY TO HIS FAVORITE SPRING TONIC, WHETHER IT WAS SULPHUR AND MOLASSES, HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, GREENE'S AUGUST FLOWER, BEEF, IRON AND WINE, CODLIVER OIL OR JUST FATHER'S OLD RELIABLE ROCK AND RYE.

### Life and Letters

SINCE nothing has been heard from Michael Arlen since "The Green Hat" of three summers ago, his "Young Men in Love" (*Doran*) will probably be in its fifth or sixth edition before this notice is circulated. Many readers, the sterner critics amongst them, may consider this new novel an improvement on the style and substance to which its author was so deliciously accustomed, but I don't. I am sure that Mr. Arlen himself thinks it is much better. He states his own literary case quite frankly through the character,

*Charles Savile*, whose first books "were about lords and champagne and women who went to bed with men before you could say knife." Out of those books *Savile* made enough money to settle back and write the kind of thing he considered worth while, to the great confusion of his publishers. He finally concludes, "I am a failure at everything but being the sort of 'success' I despise with all my heart—and I'm even a failure at that now."

Well, I shouldn't say that Mr. Arlen's case is as bad as that. The

old glamour for which he was so unworthily and unkindly criticized by those who thought him a peg or two below Ouida prevails, though deliberately dimmed, and his people and situations have the same quaint Apocalyptic quality. But his ladies are neither so loose nor so lovely, and that seems too bad. The heroine of this tale, *Venetia Vardon*, is well enough in her way, but she does not stand out of the picture sufficiently to stamp her individuality on the reader's consciousness. Perhaps that is to (Continued on page 30)

## Behind the Chinese Front

(By LIFE's Special War Correspondent)

WUHU, April 28 (by request)—Yang Po Mong, who has been playing left Field Marshal for the Northern outfit, has been traded to the Cantonese for 22,000 taels and "General" Ike Sokolow, the wily Russian stinkpot twirler. Both aggregations are considered to be strengthened by the exchange, and Saturday's fracas may run to an extra session. "Major" Chang Zacarelli, who twisted his ankle running ahead of a heavy

explosive shell last Tuesday, is back in uniform and looks fine. He declares that with a good break he will take at least four strokes off his handicap and unless the water is too rough, he will romp home ahead of the field with the puck in his back pocket.

\* \* \*

TIENTSIN, April 29 (by inference) — Slickers were issued to the members of both the Nationalist and the Northern Armies this morning and the Chinese, with their traditional feeling for decoration, have been active in brightening them up with pictures, slogans, funny sayings, etc. Perhaps the most inspired is the work of Private Wang Dong Duck of the Twenty-first Gong Beaters' Corps. Across the back of his slicker he has written a lot of quaint Chinese characters, which,

being translated, it is understood, mean, "If you can read this, you're too d—— educated!"

\* \* \*

FU-KIEN, April 30 (by bireme)—An additional outrage has been reported by Miss Jessamine Gormley of this city, who has declared that the Nationalist faction has been repeatedly stealing the morning paper and milk from the front door of her bungalow. Owing to the present great popularity of outrages, L. J. McCready, the editor of the Fu-kien Press, is considering running an outrage contest, with a fifty-dollar prize for the best outrage reported, and five ten-dollar prizes for the five next best. All reports should be accompanied by an essay of not more than three hundred words on "Why I Prefer to Remain in China."

Henry William Hanemann.

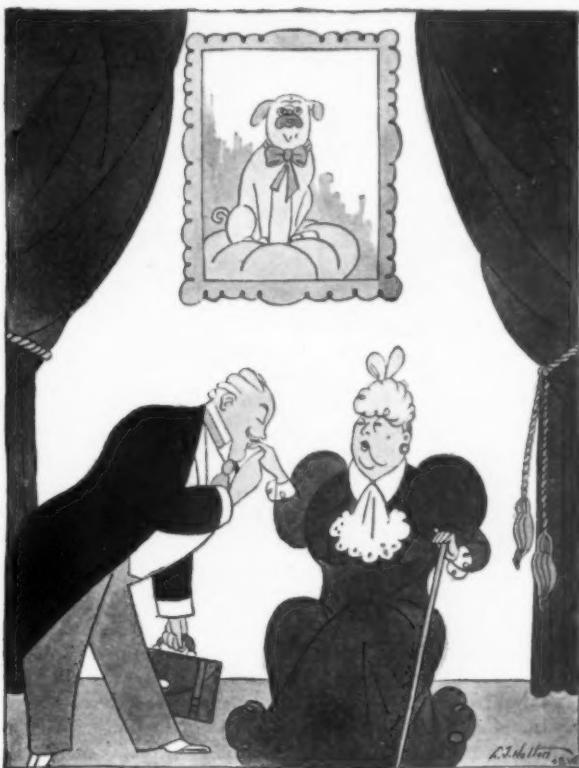
## As Husband to Wife

"IT'S a great secret, my dear—a terribly well-guarded secret! And when I tell it to you, be sure and tell everybody to tell everybody not to tell anybody."



Question: WHO IS THIS?

Answer: IT'S GENERAL QUIZ.



THE PETTICOAT MANUFACTURER CALLS ON HIS CUSTOMER.

## The Cocktail Hour

FIRST CLUBMAN: Remarkable, isn't it, what a drink will do for a man?

SECOND CLUBMAN: Yes, but it's still more remarkable what a man will do for a drink.

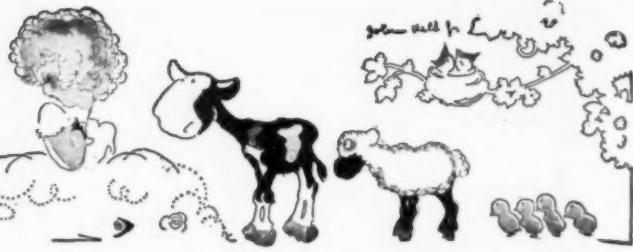


"SEE THAT SIMP OVER THERE BEATING ON THAT CHEWING GUM MACHINE? HE SURE IS A SIMP. HE OUGHTA KNOW IT'S EMPTY."

"WHY OUGHT'E?"

"WHY OUGHT'E? WHY, I BEEN SHAKIN' IT MYSELF FOR TEN MINUTES."

## THE SILENT DRAMA



### "White Gold"

**J**ETTA GOUDAL appears as the star of "White Gold," a serious, sombre, slow-moving picture of the wind-swept sheep country; it is the first really big part that I have seen her play, and her performance serves to confirm a previous conviction that she is an effective actress rather than a good one.

The actual star of "White Gold" is William K. Howard, its director. He has made one very ham scene—a triple-exposure affair in which George Bancroft struggles with his better self on the one hand and his bestial self on the other to determine whether he shall make a pass at Miss Goudal. Aside from this brief lapse of intelligence, Mr. Howard's direction is admirable; he displays a rare restraint in developing a drama of the type that is usually described as "charged with emotion."

I also liked the work of Kenneth

Thomson, the leading man. He is the most convincing talker on the screen, for when his lips move he does not appear to be telling Miss Goudal, "Well, when I came to that sharp curve just before you get to Santa Monica the old Lincoln was hitting sixty-two or sixty-three and . . ."; he really looks as if he were saying something relevant to the situation.

**W**HITE GOLD is a commendable venture into the forbidden realms of serious drama on the screen—but I can't feel that it is worthy of any great applause. It is a picture in which "strong situations," rather than living characters, are of primary importance. With the exception of Mr. Thomson, not one of the people in the story conveys a sense of reality; this, in a presumably realistic drama, is apt to be a somewhat serious defect.

### "The Sea Tiger"

**J**UST because Milton Sills was successful in "The Sea Hawk," some bright mind decided that he would be even more successful in one called "The Sea Tiger." Well, he isn't. "The Sea Tiger" is about as dreadful as it is possible for a movie to be—which is no faint praise. It allows Mr. Sills to indulge in some strenuous socking and, as if that weren't action enough, it gives opportunities for fisticuffs to every one else, including the fragile Mary Astor.

As I watched "The Sea Tiger," its brawling spirit inflamed me with the desire to step down and mix it up for a while with the theatre organist; fortunately (possibly for the organist, possibly for me), I managed to subdue this atavistic impulse and went home, which is the best place for any one to be when pictures like this are on view.

R. E. Sherwood.

### Recent

**C**hang. An extraordinary picture of wild animals in action in the Siamese jungle, produced by Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack. Don't fail to see it.

**C**asey at the Bat. Enough of the famous slugger's life to explain his reputation, with Wallace Beery as the mighty one. It's extremely funny.

**L**ong Pants. Harry Langdon in an on-and-offer.

**F**ashions for Women. Beautiful ladies and beautiful clothes in a phony Parisian setting.

**I**t. Clara Bow as a shopgirl who gets what she wants because she has what is wanted.

**T**he Rough Riders. The events leading up to the crest of San Juan Hill, set forth with many heroics and with a lot of low comedy.

**T**he Love of Sunya. Gloria Swanson tries hard to vitalize a lifeless story.

**T**he Kid Brother. Several extremely loud laughs, instigated by Harold Lloyd.



A MINISTER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE LATEST CRAZE.

### Developments

**M**etropolis. A weird conglomeration of cubistic camera effects and platitudinous vaporings.

**W**hen a Man Loves. You can look at John Barrymore and I'll look at Dolores Costello.

**L**et It Rain. The artful Douglas MacLean as a caustic Marine.

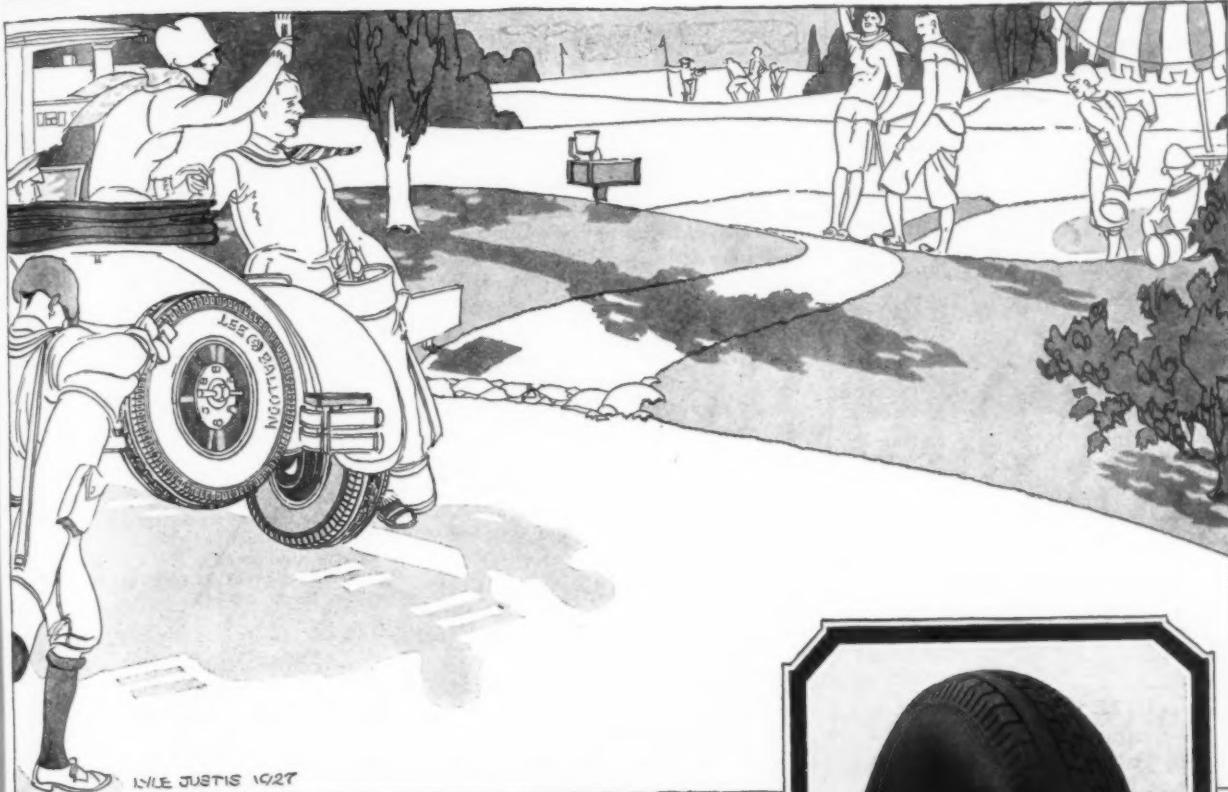
**T**he General. A moderately humorous comedy of the Civil War, with Buster Keaton working overtime to keep things going.

**T**ell It to the Marines. Lon Chaney as a hard-boiled Top Sergeant in a semi-educational picture.

**F**flesh and the Devil. Speaking of Miss Garbo, there ought to be some wheeze in the line, "Greta love hath no man," but just what it is I can't, at the moment, decide.

**S**lide, Kelly, Slide; Beau Geste; Stark Love; What Price Glory; Old Ironsides; The Scarlet Letter; The Fire Brigade and The Big Parade—these are the best available.

# LEE of Conshohocken



LYLE JUSTIS 1927

## TIRES BY LEE of CONSHOHOCKEN

When LEE of Conshohocken began his own business, he was one of the most expert fabricators of rubber. His surgical rubber goods became and they remain the standard of quality all over the world.

He slowly assembled a corps of workers and they learned "rubber" from Lee. He taught them how, and when tire-making came, they knew how. Machines do what they can, but the important part is done by hand; hands trained to the Lee method.

The workers for LEE of Conshohocken are not merely "rubber-workers," shifting from one factory to another as the labor demand fluctuates. They live here in their own homes; they know how to make tires, one way; the Lee way.

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### Life and Letters

(Continued from page 26)

be expected in a novel whose title is distinctly masculine and which brings intimately into the foreground of its action three of England's greatest personages. Then, too, I suppose it is asking too much, even of Mr. Arlen, to do another *Virginia*, that marvelous creature in "Piracy."

When I say that the Arlen glamour is deliberately dimmed, I mean that "Young Men in Love" does not sound as if it were written by somebody who had just had three glasses of champagne and was all set to tell the world. The author has not, thank goodness, entirely lost his beautiful oblivion of the unimportant fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points, and frequently pauses for characteristic animadversion. But whereas he said that *Iris March*'s eyes were like two spoonfuls of the Mediterranean, he says of *Venetia*, literally, "Her eyes were as blue as...as...as blue eyes." Later on it occurs to him that they were "as blue as fountain pen ink." Which, it seems to me, is considerable metaphorical descent.

I cannot say how closely Mr. Arlen's position is reflected in his novelist-character, *Charles Savile*, but he harps quite a bit on the fact that *Savile* made a terrific financial success by creating a popular flair which was unworthy of him. If Mr. Arlen is being at all personal in that connection, he can, so far as I am concerned, put his tongue right straight back in his cheek.

"ARROW," by Christopher Morley (*Doubleday, Page*), is a characteristic fanciful skit in which a young man goes about London stuck through with an invisible but not impalpable shaft supposedly shot by the statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, and is short enough to place on the guest-room table in case you should harbor devotees of the woozy school of fiction. On that table you must not fail to place "The Gay Nineties," by R. V. Culter (*Doubleday, Page*), for the pictures which have so delighted Life's readers for a year or more have been collected and put into a book which is just the thing to give as a present to friends itinerant or stationary. Conrad Aiken has selected "An Anthology of American Verse" for the Modern Library, and if you want to brush up on the outstanding high spots of 1926, "Mirrors of the Year" (*Stokes*), by various specialists in their fields (Grant Overton, editor), will prove diverting as well as informative.

Baird Leonard.



### 4 out of 5 Ignore the Truth

Pyorrhea ravages health and youth. Its poison sweeps through the system often causing rheumatism, neuritis, stomach troubles, even facial disfigurement.

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MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE  
IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



### Enchanting realms that only the canoeist can know

It's great to paddle up some slow meandering stream in a sturdy "Old Town Canoe." It's great to get away from the noise and confusion of the highway, to travel slowly and easily amid the cooling shade of overhanging trees. On streams and lakes there are enchanting realms that only the canoeist can know.

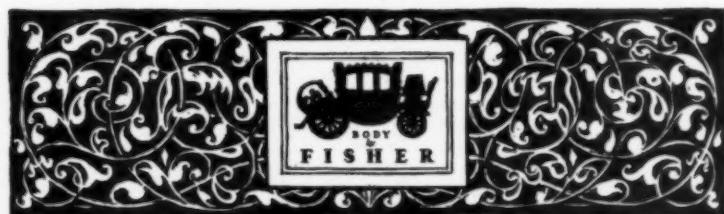
Why not plan to buy an "Old Town" this summer? Truly you cannot get a finer canoe or a better looking one. For "Old Towns" are patterned after actual Indian models. They are sleek, fast and remarkably light in weight. And "Old Town Canoes" are low in price. \$58 up. From dealer or factory.

Free illustrated catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square stern canoes for outboard motors, dinghies, etc. Write today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1735 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

**"Old Town Canoes"**



Five years ago, through honest pride in its work, Fisher began to sign each of its bodies with a monogram plate. An incidental result of the appearance of the symbol, "Body by Fisher," is that today the public is grouping motor cars in two divisions—those which are equipped with Fisher Bodies, and those which may not claim that distinction.



# FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



**Daughter of Old Lady:** SHE'S GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY; GOING TO LIVE TO BE A CENTIPEDE, AIN'T YER, MOTHER?

**Old Lady:** YOU WOULDN'T SAY SO IF YOU HAD MY FEET.

—George Belcher, in *The Tatler* (London).

### Stop Him!

A CORRESPONDENT notes that a man in Chicago ran over a girl while driving to a hall where he was to give a lecture on "Public Safety," and suggests that he begin his address to the Judge with: "Unaccustomed as I am to public speeding..."

—New York Evening Post.

### The Cities Are Full of Pride

UNNECESSARILY rude was the Chicago man who referred in print the other day to a weekly magazine "called the New Yorker, of New York, N. Y."

—Kansas City Star.

"Does she have her own way much?"

"I'll say she does! She writes up her diary a week ahead of time."

—North Carolina Buccaneer.



**Stone Age Author:** IF THEY REJECT THESE MANUSCRIPTS, I CAN BUILD A HOUSE ANYWAY.

—Kasper (Stockholm).

### To a Dictator

IN spite of peace or passion,  
Of styles still have a care;  
Black shirts go out of fashion  
Like other kinds of wear.

—Washington Star.

### The Guilty Parties

A PROFESSOR, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest him, he angrily inquired:

"Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect his parents."

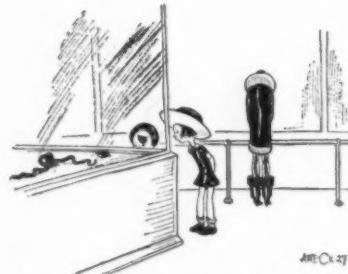
—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

SEVEN policemen were killed in the Solomon Islands recently while trying to arrest a criminal. There is talk of making the place an honorary Chicago.—Punch.

"WHAT a pretty stenographer!  
Has she any references?"

"Who cares?"

—Louisville Courier-Journal.



"WHY DOES HE LIE THERE LIKE THAT?"

"MAYBE HE'S TRYING TO REMEMBER SOMETHING."

—Söndagsnisse-Strix (Stockholm).

### The Editorial Us

A NEGRO started a newspaper in Alabama. He had noticed how white editors used the word "we" for "I," so he went them one better when he said: "Us sho' feels grateful fo' all de good things dat's been said 'bout us's paper."

—Florida Times-Union.

### There Ain't No Justice

JUDGE: Guilty or not guilty of this charge of murder?

PRISONER: None of yer business!

"Thirty days—contempt of court!"

—Collier's.

"WHAT have you got in that valise?"

"Nothing of the sort, officer."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

WHEN Bolshevism isn't a menace it's an alibi.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.



A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.  
—London Opinion.

### By Volume

"THEY sell 'Ford Ideals' at the new Ford markets," writes Dudley Nichols. "The books looked all alike, but one stack was marked \$7.50 and the other \$1."

"What," I asked the clerk, "is the difference?"

"Naturally," he said as he passed out the dollar edition, "you get twenty-five cents' worth more of ideals."

—New York World.

### Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer

BILL had been having trouble with one of the native crew on his bêche-de-mer cutter.

"Damn it all, Yarrie," he said, "do you want to loaf all the time?"

"No, boss, I want sleep sometimes," was the reply.

—Bulletin (Sydney).

### No Hurry

A DARKEY just rapped at the door to inquire about washing the windows.

"When do you want to clean them?" he was asked.

"To suit your significance," he replied—which seems quite fair enough.

—O. O. M., St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Young man, age 21, married, 2 children, wishes work of any kind; not afraid to do a day's work; can explain reason."—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

THERE, there, young man—we understand.—New Yorker.

ACCESSORY after the fact: A Sesquicentennial postage stamp.

—Toledo Blade.



"THAT LITTLE CHAP AT THE BACK DON'T SEEM TO BE DOIN' MUCH."

"P'APS HE'S JUST A STOWAWAY."

—Bystander (London).

**Hail to Thee, Blithe Spirit!**

On the St. Andrews links an enthusiastic player with a most irascible temper was faced with a critical short putt. He addressed his ball, studied the line, steadied himself carefully, putted—and missed.

Instinctively he glared round but the entire party might have been so many statues—not a caddie had moved, not a player had budged. His eyes roved the horizon in vain. No one outside the match was in sight. Then he gazed aloft, while breathless silence invested the scene. At last the explosion came: "Damn that lark!"

—*Golf Illustrated.*

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

**Brethren of the Guild**

FIRST TRAMP (*reading an old newspaper*): Here's a story about a cove who did no work for thirty years.

SECOND TRAMP (*wearily*): Oh, don't talk shop.—*London Daily News.*

"His Majesty, the American husband."—*Adv.*

His what, the WHAT?—*New Yorker.*



CONSIDERABLE ANNOYANCE WAS CAUSED TO FOLLOWING TRAFFIC BY MR. MALLET CHISEL'S DECISION TO TAKE HIS LATEST PANEL UP TO TOWN BY ROAD.  
—*Passing Show (London).*

POLICE ITEM: You cannot park your car and have it.—*Collier's.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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**Socrates drank Hemlock**

2326 years ago an Athenian philosopher by the name of Socrates was given something to drink. Socrates drank it and there wasn't any more Socrates. The drink was hemlock. Today men drink a number of weird beverages. Hemlock is about the only one they have overlooked. But those men who wish to live happily to a ripe age and still never become too ripe, drink.

**PICKWICK ALE and STOUT**  
The finest brewed  
HAFFENREFFER & CO., Boston, Mass.

At your club, restaurant, hotel or from your grocer.

**Longings**

Some thrill to the flash of the tennis ball As it speeds from the racquet's face; And some to the sight of its arching flight

As the gutty soars through space.

Some thrill to the bound of a noble steed Surmounting a four-foot wall; Or the pistol crack of the mallet's whack On the face of a polo ball.

But give me the pull of a straining sheet! A leaning mast and a high one! Keep what you've got! Give me a yacht. (For I can't afford to buy one!) —*Baron Ireland, in The Sportsman.*

**In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE****Boiling Over**

"He upset some boiling waiter.... It is feared he will be scarred for life."—*Local Paper.*

THAT vexed tipping problem.

—*Humorist (London).*

LATE reports from Chicago to-day were that all the missionaries had been taken out under cover of a heavy barrage.

—*New York Sun.*

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*BUFFALO and CHICAGO	\$79
One Way	Round Trip
†CLEVELAND and DETROIT	\$3.50 \$6.00
†BUFFALO and DETROIT	\$6.00 \$11.00

\*Berth and meals included. †Berth and meals extra. On the Mackinac Island and Chicago Division there is music, dancing, with hostess in charge, bridge, afternoon tea, golf, horseshoe pitching, radio, moving pictures, and other entertainments. Passengers limited to sleeping accommodations. Radio and moving pictures also on Buffalo Division. Yachting, golf, horseback riding, fishing, etc., at Mackinac Island. Liberal stopover privileges.

For Reservations or further information, address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt. at Detroit, Mich.



DETROIT-CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.

## Questionnaire

(The answers to these questions will be found on page 8. They were compiled by Thomas Langan, Madison Kirby, W. W. Scott, Norman R. Jaffray and Lloyd Mayer.)

- NAME three men who have never been president.
- What indigestible substance is often found in coffee?
- Who originated the expression, "Two can live as cheaply as one"?
- What famous product is advertised by the slogan, "It's toasted"?
- How many players are there on a hockey team?
- How many characters were in search of an author in one of Pirandello's plays?
- How many pockets are there in a pool table?
- Give within ten years the number of years President Coolidge has been in office.
- Who wrote "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together"?
- What famous New York street is referred to in the song beginning, "The Bowery, the Bowery"?
- What makes cork float?
- Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
- What is Harpo Marx's Christian name?
- What city is usually known as "Beantown"?
- Who has been the most consistent contributor to humorous journals in recent years?

## Paradox

CHATTING with the assistant of Fortunio the lion-tamer, who has been appearing at the Scala in Berlin, we asked if he had ever been attacked by his lions.

"Well, I should say so! In the three years I have been handling them I have had nineteen narrow escapes. Once an old lion bit me when my back was turned and for six weeks I didn't know what part of my anatomy to sit down on; on another occasion a blow from a paw gave me concussion of the brain, and the last time I was half eaten up when they pulled me from the jaws of the beasts."

"But why in heaven's name do you keep at it, then?"

"Well, one wants to live."

—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

## An Unidentified Man

A GENTLEMAN called up the newspapers the other day to report that Mussolini had been hissed at a meeting here. He was, of course, the sort of person who hisses and tells.

—*New York Evening Post*.

A MAN in Los Angeles, turning over the leaves of an old Bible, found a \$5 bill; and doubtless forgot the quotation he wanted.—*Detroit News*.

**MOLLE**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**MOLLE**  
·MO-LAY·  
For Shaving  
WITHOUT  
BRUSH OR LATHER

*Spread on...  
Shave off*

Just spread **MOLLE** over the beard with the finger tips and shave.

It's a revelation in face comfort.

*At Your Druggist's*

## Genius and the Plodder

JOHN in study lingered late.  
James drew pictures on his slate.

John toils on each weary day.

James draws comics for large pay.

—*Washington Star*.

## A Perfect System

GUEST: Your dinners are always so successful, Mrs. De Smythe. How do you select your menus?

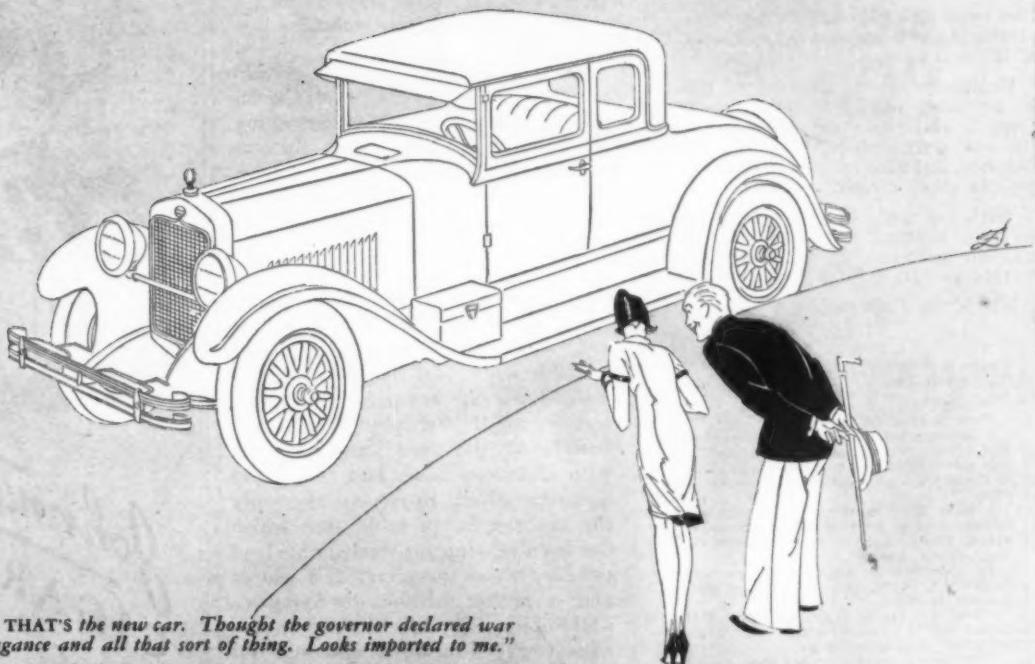
HOSTESS: The doctor has given me a list of things I mustn't eat and I choose the dishes from that.—*Passing Show*.

## LAND FREE IF PLANTED TO BANANAS

Bananas bear a full crop the second year. \$5.00 monthly will plant five acres, which should pay \$1,500 profit annually. Reliable Companies will cultivate and market your bananas for 1/3. Bananas ripen every day and you get your check every 90 days. For particulars address Jantha Plantation Co., Empire Bldg., Block 746, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**HARRIS TWEED** Cream of Scotch Homespuns, direct from makers' supplies by post, \$2.00 per yd. Samples free on stating shades desired. NEWALL, 277 Stornoway, Scotland.

"UNE RÉVÉLATION AU SALON" — LE TEMPS, PARIS



*"M-m-m, so THAT'S the new car. Thought the governor declared war on extravagance and all that sort of thing. Looks imported to me."*

*"He did, but smart little daughter put over a diplomatic coup with this coupe. Got just the car I wanted and still saved enough for a heavy summer at Bar Harbor."*

**I**MPORTED? Well, yes, in a manner of speaking. Its style was conceived in the fashion center of the world—Paris—and its lines and colorings smack of the sophistication of the Champs Elysees. Dietrich designed it—Dietrich, builder of the finest custom bodies. Sounds expensive, doesn't it—but the Erskine Six will win the heart of even the canniest descendant of the Scotch.

Dimensions are compact, but there's room inside no end—thanks again to Dietrich, the master. Two in front, two more in the rumble seat—a foursome; let's go.

Performance is typically American as Grantland Rice's hand-picked team—and as far ahead of its time as the class of '30. Through traffic and away while others are wrestling with gear-shifts—a regular Charlie Paddock on getaway. Honest-to-goodness mile-a-minute speed if you want to "get there in a hurry." Stop and turn on a manhole cover or park with a hair's breadth.

Get in under the wheel and learn why the latest vogue in motors calls for "The Little Aristocrat."

*The Erskine Six Custom Coupe, as illustrated, sells for \$995, f. o. b. factory, complete with front and rear bumpers and self-energizing 4-wheel brakes.*

# ERSKINE SIX

THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT

## The Prodigal Pipe Smoker Returns to Favorite Tobacco

One way to appreciate the value of something you possess is to be deprived of it for a time.

Evidently this is as true of tobacco as anything else, for here is a letter from a self-confessed "prodigal son." He not only returned to his former favorite, but also bought himself a new pipe to start afresh.

With the modesty and humbleness of a true prodigal's return, this pipe-smoker permits us to present him merely as "H. D."

His letter follows:

Boerne, Texas  
Oct. 14, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.  
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I am a prodigal son. I began pipe-smoking with Edgeworth. But after a while I began to wander, trying other tobaccos, experimenting to see if there were any better tobacco for the pipe.

I have tried most of the best known brands and a number of the more obscure, both imported and domestic, but they didn't suit.

So now I have returned—I am using Edgeworth again, satisfied that no better tobacco is made.

"And the prodigal son partook of the fatid call!" I bought a new pipe when I returned to Edgeworth.

With many thanks for my cool, mellow, sweet smokes, I am,

Very truly yours,  
"H. D."



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.]

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 16)

ing-room vogue at present, and when it came Sam's turn to recite his favorite poetical passage, he quoth,

"Through the woods the redskin goes,  
Through the oaks and larches,  
He barks his shins and stubs his toes,  
But he never busts his arches."

Nor could we for some time get him to reveal its source, he stoutly maintaining that it was from Browning, but when I made to attack the vulnerable spot in the small of his back, he declared that he had memorized it from a bootshop's advertisement of sandals.

April 13th The telephone a-ringing early, and it was Marge

anxious to know if a diamond bracelet had slipped from her wrist down into our great couch yesterday, so I did plumb the very bowels of the thing and emerged with almost as much loot as a lucky deep-sea diver, retrieving not only the bracelet but a sable skin which has been missing for weeks, nine lead pencils, three briquets, five gloves and a pocket edition of Spinoza's philosophy. To luncheon at an inn with Gerry Lansdale, and she did tell me that she now has the best butler that ever she had in her life, but that the fellow has so much Gallic enthusiasm that he will occasionally speak outside the conventions of his position, and it reminded me of the servant Aunt Caroline had once who, when I refused the cakes he was passing, bent low and whispered, "You'd better take some of these—they're from the Ladies' Exchange." It did also remind me of the servant in "The Rivals" who promised not to laugh at the table talk if the one about the grouse in the gunroom were not told, for I have always wondered what that tale might have been.

To the shops to search out material for an exercising suit, and then home, finding Sam about to shake up a cocktail for Aldis Squire out of his best gin and boasting that it was pre-war stuff, which did inspire Aldy, after he had tasted the mixture, to remark, "Pre-war? Who's fighting now?" Home all this evening reading in Mrs. Sedgwick's new novel, and so, after eating the asparagus which Katie is saving for soup, to bed.

Baird Leonard.

### Hard to Get Along With

MISTRESS: Why did you leave your last position?

COOK: The missus objected to me keeping her in her place.—*Smith's Weekly*.

## Going Strong



*Johnnie Walker*  
CIGARETTES

for 20  
20¢

Extremely Mild

## Bungalow CAMPS

in the  
**CANADIAN  
PACIFIC ROCKIES**

Don't miss it!



WHAT a life it is! Jolly crowds... an appetite that's as big as the food is good... snug little bungalows to live in. It's a vacation that makes you feel like a million dollars... and costs so very little. That is as good as a year's rest... even if you stay but a few days or weeks. That opens up a new world for you. Pick one or all of the eight Bungalow Camps.

Write for booklet... mention  
B. C. - 7

HOTEL DEPARTMENT  
Windsor Station,  
Montreal or, apply  
local Canadian  
Pacific Offices

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

**Television**

(Continued from page 18)

have a few in stock. Almost everything has been picked over. What kind do you want?"

"The tall ones, the small ones, I love 'em all," you croon, "but seriously, I should like two big dark ones."

The lieutenant leaves the phone for a moment, giving you a chance to look over the police blotter and see if any of your friends have been brought in to-day. He returns with three little policemen, giggling and covering their faces with their hands.



**PERRIER**, the natural sparkling Table Water of France is unrivalled for its delicious, refreshing zest and purity—and for *train thurst* there's nothing quite like Perrier.

Perrier is served on dining and buffet cars of America's leading railroads and in hotels, clubs and smart restaurants everywhere.

**Perrier**  
THE CHAMPAGNE OF TABLE WATERS  
E. & J. Burke, Ltd.  
Sole Agent U.S.A. Long Island City, N.Y.



"What MUST I do to convince you that I actually DON'T like warm lettuce?"

"Well, now that you mention it again, I suggest that you either cultivate a taste for it—or buy a Frigidaire!"

IN those less than well-regulated homes where the temperature of whatever it is comes in those tall, clinky glasses, still depends upon outside ice supply, such heart-rending scenes as we have pictured above, still occur!

But—Allah be adulated—not in many! For already, the proclivities of the Frigidaire have somehow or other become public, and peace lovers from near and far are actually snapping them up! Further reasons for this sudden flair for Frigidaire have been set forth as the ability of this same Frigidaire to keep foods fresh and crisp, to keep butter firm, milk sweet, desserts tempting—and hostesses happy! It is said that Frigidaire, with its own particular Frost Coil DIRECT COOLING SYSTEM, has neither peer—nor par! However, it HAS the resources of the General Motors close behind it! Need we actually say more?

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION • Dept. V-39 • DAYTON, OHIO  
*Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*

*This way out*

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION  
Dept. V-39, Dayton, Ohio  
Please send me your booklet illustrating the new cabinet models of FRIGIDAIRE

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to send you these three small, light ones. I'm all out of the darks."

After looking them over you decide to make the best of it, so you say, "All right, send them right up. And I hope to God they play bridge."

Phyllis Ryan.

*"As I Like It"*

THIS department is not infrequently impious enough to differ with the dicta of William Lyon Phelps in matters of the drama, but he is the hero of today's story. At a dinner he gave recently, when a noted novelist was good enough to read aloud from her works in New Haven, he said grace so mun-

blingly that Mrs. Phelps was constrained to inform him that she had not heard a word. The Professor answered crushingly: "I wasn't speaking to you, my dear."—*New York World*.

**A Welsh Romance**

HE was a simple Welsh lad. "I love you, Lleilla," he whispered. "And I," she faltered, "love you." Their lips met. And there let us leave them.

—*Yale Record*.

"Sir," wrote the indignant mother to the schoolmaster, "you mustn't whack my Tommy. He isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."—*London Evening News*.

PHOTO BY  
FRED HARVEY

## The Indian-detour

**[Mail coupon for picture folder]**

You can break your cross-continent rail journey on your way to and from California with the Indian-detour—three glorious days by motor about the ancient Indian pueblos, Spanish settlements and prehistoric cliff-dwellings in the New Mexico Rockies between Las Vegas, Santa Fé and Albuquerque. Personally escorted.

On the Indian-detour you are still the guest of the Santa Fe and Fred Harvey in every detail of accommodation and fine service.



The low additional cost is all-inclusive.

Lodging with bath every night.

mail coupon  
for picture  
folder

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr. Santa Fe System Lines  
1157-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free picture folder about the "Indian-detour" and "Roads to Yesterday."

### Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(Please turn to page 11 for other information.)

Each week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-ONE."

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way...." Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-ONE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-ONE must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on May 19, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of June 9, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

#### Too Old to Learn

A STRANGER nudged me in the ribs at the picture show the other night.

"Say," he whispered, "I guess my life has been wasted, after all. I've had three wives and I never kissed any of 'em the way that feller's doing it."

"Is it too late?" I murmured, endeavoring to register sympathy.

"It is," he returned sadly. "I am troubled with a shortness of breath."

—Morning Oregonian.

# Russell Patterson

Makes a  
\$150  
Drawing  
in a  
Few Hours!

—and now teaches you his original methods in a series of 20 snappy lessons — brimful with sparkling interest from the very start — a departure from the purely conventional. This training constitutes the last word in Humorous Illustration, teaching a New Art for a New Age—a pleasant relief from the old style, standardized instruction. Learn to draw the dashing, peppy types that are all the rage as exemplified by Mr. Patterson's numerous contributions to magazines. Let him teach you his clever technique. What profession could compare with this in its irresistible appeal or sheer earning power? Write now for full information.

Russell Patterson School of  
Humorous Illustration

Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 5  
CHICAGO - - - ILLINOIS



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL  
ATLANTIC CITY

Very center of things on the Beach and Boardwalk

Welcome you to Atlantic City with all the hospitality and friendly atmosphere of home.

American Plan Only. Always open.  
"Dual-Trio" Radio Concert every  
Tuesday evening. Tune in  
on WPG at 9. Illustrated  
folder and rates on request.

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY





## The time and the money you save by stropping your blades will surprise you

A NEW blade stropped on a Twinplex is much sharper than just a new blade. It will shave you much more quickly.

Strop it each time before you use it and it will last for shave after shave. The saving in blade money will total dollars before the year is over.

Consider this—

"Have been an enthusiastic user of the Twinplex since I was first introduced to one during the 'Big Fracas.' We had one in our squad while over there and, believe me, it was a life saver. As soon as I came home I bought my Twinplex and since then I have used but one package of blades. Have the last blade in the stropper now and expect to use it for some time to come. I shave every morning and the old 'bristles' are as tough as any of 'em." (Signed)



F. J. Sheehan, Chicago, Illinois.

You can imagine how much his saving in blades has amounted to. As for the improvement in the shave, here's your chance to see for yourself.

**Stropped NEW Blade Free**  
Name your razor and we'll send you, free, a NEW blade stropped on a Twinplex. We would like to show you what real shaving is.

All dealers are authorized to sell you a Twinplex on 30 days trial. If after four weeks of marvelous shaving you are willing to forego the comfort and economy you have enjoyed, give up your Twinplex and get back your money. If you can't find the model you want, write us.

**TWINPLEX SALES CO.**  
1682 Locust Street, Saint Louis  
New York Montreal London Chicago

**Twinplex**  
**Stroppers**

## What One Happy Boy Is Going to Do with His Prize Money

By Norman R. Jaffray (Age 10)

(EDITOR'S NOTE: No essay was required for the Alibi Contest, but just try and stop this boy from writing one.)

WHEN I opened a "very mysterious" envelope and drew from it a check for \$10 and a letter announcing my success in the Alibi Contest, you can imagine what I did first! That's right: cashed it. But then what? Should I spend it on goodies, or movie shows? A fielder's mitt? A trip to Europe? A flying-machine?

While I was still undecided, the next mail brought me an avalanche of letters. Some were appeals for money; some were solicitations from various charitable organizations; some were letters of advice as to how I should spend the sum; and one letter was from—need I say it?—the dearest little girl in the world.

After answering a few of the requests for autographed photos and testimonials praising various kinds of cigarettes and face-cream, I returned to my original speculation. Here I was, with the power to do good to some worthy charity, to make others share my happiness. It was indeed a momentous decision. At last, however, I had made up my mind.

With the \$10 which my good fortune has brought me, I intend to go to Hollywood and see some of the real screen stars face to face, on a personally conducted tour of the biggest studios.

You, too, can win big money solving Alibi Contests!

### Ex Post Facto

An item going the round of the Kansas press recites the dubious fact that an eminent psychologist announces that "every kiss shortens life three minutes." This is palpably absurd. Take the writer, for instance, aged fifty-nine years, one month and nineteen days, who has been married now for a matter of thirty-four years. What with staple and fancy kissing, domestic and foreign, including kin at fifty per cent. off, if every kiss cost him three minutes of his life he would have been waiting impatiently for the undertaker six months before the Revolutionary War!

It is such loose talk of scientists that disorganizes the rising generation and contributes to the increase of crime!

—Emporia Gazette.

THERE'S one thing about all those American marines landed in China. No officer stepped out in front of the boys and said: "Confucius, we are here."

—Edmonton (Alberta) Bulletin.



A London "bobby" and a busy corner of Trafalgar Square

## If you know your London—

THEN you know CRAVEN MIXTURE favorite pipe tobacco of discriminating Londoners since 1867.

This famous blend • a pure, unadulterated, unflavored tobacco of the finest quality • deliciously mild • full of fragrance • can now be bought at your own tobacconist anywhere in the United States or Canada.

For a liberal sample tin send 10¢ in stamps to American Office, Dept. [1], Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Ave., New York City.



**Craven**  
**MIXTURE**  
Imported from London

## California

via the  
Scenic Way West

### The SCENIC LIMITED

Thru the surpassing wonderlands of Colorado, Royal Gorge and Utah. Stopover anywhere en route.

Low round trip summer fares effective May 15.

Write for new illustrated California booklet.



"A Service Institution"

A. D. Bell  
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Mo. Pac. R. R. Co.  
Ry. Exch. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send illustrated literature to:

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5 to \$8 Shoes for Men

*Circular  
Seam Oxford  
in Black or  
Medium Tan  
Russia Calf*

\$6



AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN SHOES  
W. L. Douglas stores in principal cities and shoe dealers everywhere are now showing new Douglas styles.



### "If the Shoe Fits" —

easy-walking comfort is assured. And that's why it's a good idea for you to wear W. L. Douglas Shoes.

Our salesmen are experienced in fitting feet. They know that comfortable fitting shoes mean a satisfied customer—and it is the thousands of satisfied customers that have made W. L. Douglas shoes nationally famous for half a century.

[ Men's Shoes \$5 to \$8 Women's Shoes \$5 and \$6 Boys' Shoes \$4 and \$5 ]

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY - BROCKTON, MASS.



for MOTHERS DAY

MAY 8<sup>th</sup>

No Gift is more expressive or more welcome

R.V.B.  
(REYMER'S VERY BEST)  
Chocolates

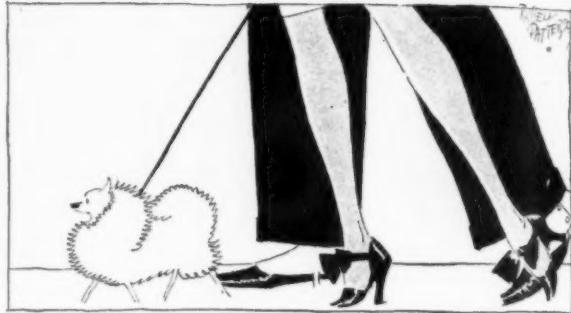
*Reymers*

"That Good Pittsburgh Candy"

Stores approved as  
Reymer Agencies  
are supplied direct  
from Reymers'—  
ensuring freshness  
and careful han-  
dling. Dealer in-  
quiries invited.

MADE BY REYMER & BROTHERS, INCORPORATED PITTSBURGH, PA. SINCE 1846

# Smart People!



HOW is one to know that they are smart?  
Because they are doing a very smart thing  
—they are hurrying to the news-stand  
to place their orders now for the

## Fashion Number of Life

YES—it will be revealed next week, and we can promise that its appearance will provide the greatest humorous thrill of the Spring Season. Chic—stylish—conforming to trim, girlish lines—the FASHION NUMBER is sure to be a sensation among all those who are fascinated by clothes and their wearers.

The cover is by F. G. COOPER, and within the number are many alluring designs by RALPH BARTON, RUSSELL PATTERSON, GARRETT PRICE, LOREN STOUT, CHARLES BASKERVILLE, JOHN HELD, JR., and other keen-eyed observers of modern femininity.

Don't miss the FASHION NUMBER!

\* \* \*

DEDICATED to Smart People, too, are the BACK NUMBER (a humorous outline of history), the ADVANCE NUMBER (a venture into the weird future) and the COMMENCEMENT NUMBER (very collegiate).

They are all to come, one after another, within the next four weeks.

read **Life** regularly  
EVERY week!



"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars"



**POWER** • The soft purr of the Packard motor hardly hints its vast reserve power. Yet a touch of the accelerator and the great car leaps forward with the eagerness of a living thing.

In its swift response to the driver's will lies the promise of superb and sustained performance. Mile after mile through the starts and stops of the crowded city, hour after hour on the long pull of the mountain grade, the Packard proves superior to all requirements — Packard power now reigns supreme.

Packard design—widely imitated but never equalled—has long been recognized as an outstanding combination of smartness, beauty and comfort. And Packard power —now unsurpassed in any motor car—offers matchless traffic agility, hill climbing ability and, when emergency demands it, speed.

Packard distinction—Packard power! A combination of qualities which has restored to many thousands of new owners their waning zest in motoring.

# PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Mother's Day  
Sunday, May 8th  
Say it with flowers



Carnations are Mother's own flower. Wear them Sunday in her honor. A cheery red blossom is for you who know the joy of Mother's presence; a pure white one if her face is but a cherished memory.

DAVE is managing a lumber mill in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina. Jack's weekly letter is postmarked Seattle, and Rose is at that Eastern Finishing School.

But today . . . . a trio of long boxes . . . . three little cards, each with a cherished greeting . . . . and a huge bouquet of beauty, sparkling in the sunshine of a glorious Sunday morning.

Of course Mother put all of the flowers in one big, roomy vase. That's just the sort of thing a Mother would think of, isn't it?

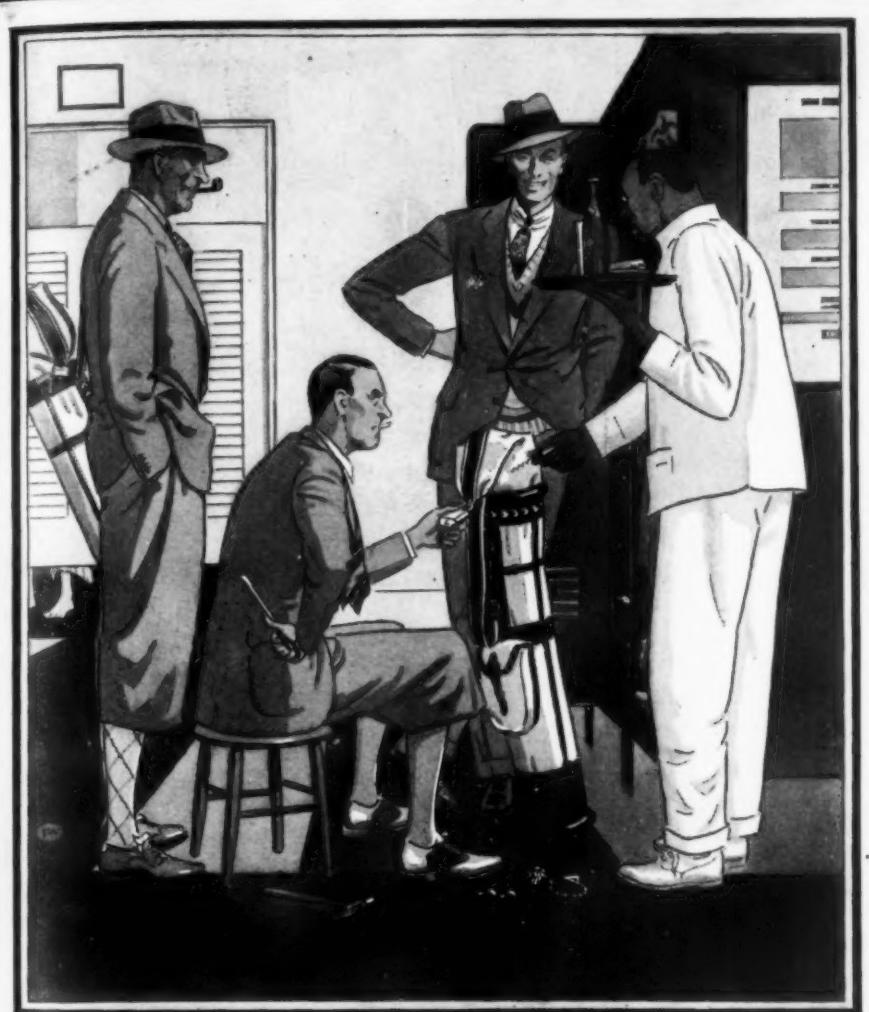
Telegraphing of flowers was started by the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association. Thousands of members send flowers everywhere.

Send for  
this Book



Send 10c for beautiful helpful  
book: *How to Care for Flowers*,  
Society American Florists,  
247 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.





*In the rough to stay, unless some one  
finds his golf bag key. Meanwhile  
the sun sinks lower in the West.*

A SESAMEE padlock makes situations like this impossible because like all other Sesamee locks it does away with keys. Just flick the wheels to your own secret combination. Instantly the lock springs open as if by magic. And the wonderful part of it is, you select and set the combination yourself merely by pressing a small button and turning the wheels to numbers that stick by you, closer than keys your street address · birthday · telephone number · invent your own. Your combination opens everything you have · equipped with Sesamee · Works as easily in the dark · ·

These forward-looking manufacturers already see the end of keys and keyholes. They have adopted Sesamee · John Boyle and Warren on hand luggage, Wheary and Winship on trunks, and Rand Kardex Bureau have made it standard on Kardex visible office files. Sesamee padlocks can be purchased at the better luggage, men's furnishings, sporting goods, and department stores. Sesamee is being developed to replace key locks for many uses, doors, furniture and various types of automobile locks, etc.



## SESAMEE PADLOCK

-THE MODERN LOCK  
THAT NEEDS NO KEY

MAKES SITUATIONS  
LIKE THIS IMPOSSIBLE



♦ ♦ PADLOCK ♦ ♦

YOU WILL FEEL HAPPIER WHEN  
YOU HAVE DISCARDED THE KEYS TO  
YOUR GOLF BAG, GARAGE, LOCKER,  
SPARE TIRE, CELLARETTE, ETC.  
SESAMEE PADLOCKS ARE MADE IN  
THREE CONVENIENT SIZES. GUARAN-  
TEED RUSTPROOF . . . \$3.75 TO \$4.50.

THE SESAMEE COMPANY ♦ ♦ HARTFORD CONNECTICUT



### Here's how to find them

The "six keys" are six outstanding reasons why people drink Coca-Cola—over 7 million a day.

They will be illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months.

### Just three things to do:

- 1 Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.\*
- 2 Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.
- 3 Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:

*Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.*

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize.....	\$10,000
2nd prize.....	5,000
3rd prize.....	2,500
4th prize.....	1,000
5th prize.....	500
10 sixth prizes (each)....	100
20 seventh prizes (each)....	50
200 eighth prizes (each)....	25
400 ninth prizes (each)....	10

A total of 635 prizes... \$30,000

\* Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers, and the final key will not appear until then.

All entries must be mailed by midnight, August 25, 1927, to Contest Judges, The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

## Find six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

**A**S A RESULT of a national survey, through thousands of personal interviews, the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola.

We have named them "six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola." And they will be illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months—in magazines and many newspapers—in outdoor signs and posters—in show windows and at stores and stands of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

To show you how to look for the "six keys," we'll point out the first one—in the advertisement on the opposite page. It is "taste." The other five will be just as easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months.

Just three things to do to enter this \$30,000 cash prize contest:

1. Find the "six keys." Tell where you found each one.
2. Pick out the key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.
3. Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to the following question:

*What Coca-Cola outdoor sign (painted wall, bulletin, poster, red sign on a store or along a street or highway) or what Coca-Cola show window display or soda fountain or refreshment stand decoration best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement. (Note that magazine and newspaper advertisements are eliminated in answering this question.)*

### Where to Find the Six Keys and the Answers to the Questions

The "six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola" will be illustrated and presented in many newspapers throughout the country and in the following magazines on the following dates—one key to each advertisement:

**The Saturday Evening Post**—May 7, June 4, June 18, July 2, July 16, August 6. **Literary Digest**—May 14, June 11, June 25, July 9, July 23, August 13. **Liberty**—May 14, June 11, June 25, July 9, July 23, August 13. **Collier's Weekly**—May 21, June 4, June 18, July 2, July 16, August 6. **Life**—May 5, June 9, June 23, July 7, July 21, August 4.

To answer what Coca-Cola advertisement, other than those in newspapers and magazines, best illustrates or presents one or more of the "six keys," keep your eyes open for the following Coca-Cola advertisements:

**Posters**—60,000 in 5,000 communities. **Painted Walls and Bulletins**—20,000 throughout the country. **Show Window Displays, Soda Fountain and Refreshment Stand Decorations**—at more than 415,000 places where Coca-Cola is served. **Little Red Coca-Cola Signs**—hundreds of thousands dot the streets and corners everywhere.

### Enter This \$30,000 Contest Now and Follow These Simple Rules

1. Contest will close at midnight, August 25, 1927. All answers postmarked August 25, 1927, will be acceptable.
2. Contest is open to everybody—young and old—except people connected with The Coca-Cola Company or a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families.
3. Do not mail your entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" in advertisements before you can write correct answers and the final key will not appear before the first week in August.
4. Write on only one side of your paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly.
5. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry.
6. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, on the following points:
  - (a) The correct naming of the "six keys" and the place you found each one.
  - (b) The best answer why any one of the "six

CONTEST JUDGES

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS